"THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW." IV.—A THREE-YEAR-OLD CITY (OKLAHOMA).

By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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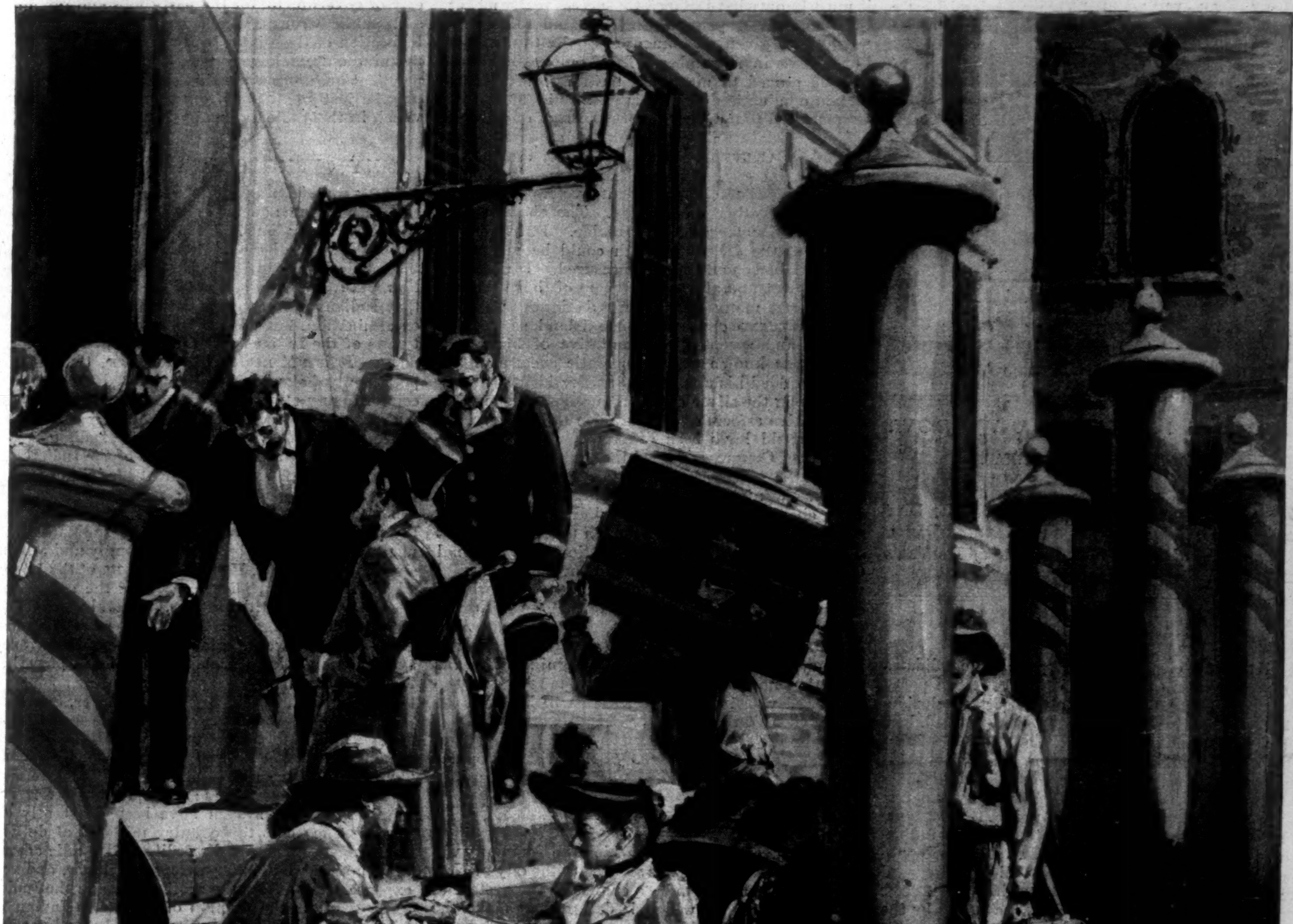

ARRIVAL AT A HOTEL, VENICE.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 402.]

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THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW.

V.—RANCH LIFE IN TEXAS.

The fifth paper in the series entitled "The West from a Car Window," by RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, *will be published in the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE FIRST GUN.

WHILE an election is still pending, candidates and chairmen of party committees and party journals all agree that everything points conclusively to the success of their side. Brag is a good dog, and he never barks and bays and dances so joyfully as before election. The grounds of this party confidence are generally speculations and hopes. But a State election before the national election, as a few years ago in Pennsylvania and Indiana, and as now in Rhode Island, is not a speculation, but an indication of substantial importance. In 1856 the Republican enthusiasm and confidence, which had spread like a prairie fire during the extraordinary **FREMONT** campaign, were suddenly and fatally checked by the October election in Pennsylvania. Desperate efforts were made to find consolation in the prospective "Quaker vote," which "never comes out in a State election," but was certain to sweep everything before it in November. But November came, and the Quaker vote proved to be a Quaker gun. The election in Rhode Island is the first real indication of the actual political situation as the time for the nominations approaches. What it shows is the exceeding uncertainty of the result in November. The vote in Rhode Island was larger than ever before, and it was cast upon a simple and sharply defined issue, and under the most favorable conditions for the Democrats. The question was made national by common consent. The Democratic platform was excellent, and a great array of Democratic speakers, including Mr. **CLEVELAND**, avoiding the silver issue, confined themselves to the question of tariff reform. The Republicans met them upon that question, and Governor **MCKINLEY** and ex-Speaker **REED**, with other able speakers, including Secretary **TRACY**, maintained the Republican view, and the Republican view was approved at the polls.

This result seems to show plainly that the Democrats can fairly expect in November the vote of no New England State, except, possibly, but doubtfully, Connecticut; and there is one fact in the survey which deserves attention. The Providence *Journal*, a tariff-reform and independent newspaper, the chief paper in the State, and one of the foremost papers in New England, notwithstanding the fact that the canvass turned on the question of tariff reform, and involved the election of a high-protection Senator, virtually supported his election, and it is alleged and believed that the independent vote was very largely cast against the Democrats. The reason of this course was clearly stated in a remark of the *Journal* when Mr. **CLEVELAND** went to speak in Providence. It was to the effect that it was yet to be proved that Mr. **CLEVELAND** was authorized to speak for his party. The remark was just. The Democratic party, by its chosen Representatives, but only with the aid of Republicans, had just evaded an expression of its views upon the question of silver coinage by postponing its consideration. In New York the party, by its regular action, had rejected Mr. **CLEVELAND** as its representative. Undoubtedly in New York and elsewhere a great many Democrats were in sympathy with him. But this sympathy has not availed to control the action of the party, and the assertion in newspapers that the people demanded his nomination, and that he was really the representative of the party, was incompatible with the facts, and with the conduct of the party majority in Congress and in the New York Legislature. The *Journal*, therefore, as an independent paper, could well say that before advising its readers to support the Democratic ticket, it must know what Democratic success really meant.

Democratic success in Rhode Island this spring would have given an immense impulse toward similar success in November. But Democratic success in 1890 proved to mean not tariff reform and the certain nomination of Mr. **CLEVELAND** in '92, but the gravest peril to the currency, the theft of one branch of the Legislature in New York, the apparent rejection of Mr. **CLEVELAND**, and a return of the old distrust of the party. Under these circumstances the *Journal* and the independent voters naturally paused for further information. The election of a protection Senator was disagreeable. But that was a horn of the dilemma which could be measured. The other horn could not be measured. It might be tariff reform, and also derangement of the currency, and a great many other things besides. Yet had Mr. **CLEVELAND** gone to Rhode Island as the undoubted and accepted representative of his party, had it been known that Democratic success in the State heralded his nomination as President, with his views upon the silver question and the tariff and administrative reform as the platform of his party, the result would have been different. Ever since the opening of Congress enabled the country to see what Democratic success in 1890 and Democratic victory in New York in 1891 really meant, there has been a great change of feeling among independent voters, and the Democratic party has been upon trial. That situation will continue until the action of its National Convention. The doubt of the Providence *Journal* will then be solved, and it will be known not whether there are many Democrats who agree with Mr. **CLEVELAND**, but whether Mr. **CLEVELAND** is authorized to speak for the Democratic party. The action in Maryland, which is cited as very significant, means only that now the signs are favorable to him. The Maryland vote in the Convention will be Mr. **GORMAN**'s view at that time. Presidents are not nominated by the people, but by bosses, and their action depends upon their estimate of the drift of popular feeling at the time.

ANOTHER TAMMANY BLESSING.

ANOTHER of the blessings which the Tammany victory of last November has secured to the city of New York is, apparently, to be a change in the system of election inspectors, which is designed to make the throttling hold of Tammany upon New York more secure. The general provisions of the election laws of the State are admirable, and secure, so far as practicable, an honest conduct of elections. In the city they require the Police Board to appoint four inspectors of elections equally divided between the great parties—two Republicans and two Democrats. This is one of the instances in which the people restrain the excesses of party. For while it is constantly asserted that nothing can be done without party, it is as constantly demonstrated that except for the restraint and regulation of party by the people, the republican system would be wrecked. The Tammany scheme, as we write—for events move rapidly toward the close of the session, and action may be taken before the paper is issued—is to change the number of inspectors from four to three, so as to secure a party majority.

This means in New York, with the other provisions of the bill, a practically absolute Tammany control in disputed questions. The provision of the present law which authorizes the appointment of an additional inspector for any organization which at the previous election shall have cast fifty thousand votes or more for its candidates is omitted. This excludes from representation any organization weaker than Tammany Hall, and any independent organization whatever, however large its vote may be. The object is evident. It is to give Tammany Hall an undisputed control of elections. This is secured further by providing that if either party is divided into two or more factions, the inspectors of that faction which at the last previous election cast the larger number of votes shall be appointed. Tammany is the largest faction in the city, and only Tammany inspectors would be appointed. Moreover, in the new bill the provision of the present law is omitted which requires that the inspectors for the minority party shall be named by the representatives of the minority party upon the Police Board. If, therefore, the Police Board should become wholly partisan, as Tammany undoubtedly intends to make it, the minority party must accept such inspectors as Tammany may approve.

All this is in strict accordance with the doctrines of Tammany Hall as laid down under Mr. **RICHARD CROKER**'s signature in the *North American Review*. Should the bill become a law—and if not, the proposition is an illustration of the spirit and purpose of Tammany—it will be another result of the election of last autumn, in which Tammany was supported by many citizens who have been hitherto supposed to understand what Tammany Hall is, and what its success in an election means. Swayed by the grotesque idea that in voting power to Tammany Hall they were supporting tariff reform, a great many well-meaning citizens practically voted for the travesty of government, for the party jobs and iniquities and public wrongs, which have distinguished the legislation of the winter in New York. Those well-meaning citizens have presented with great force the practical question, what kind and how much reform may be justly expected from the agency of a party which in this State Tammany Hall controls?

ARMY OFFICERS AS INDIAN AGENTS.

THE proposed scheme to appoint officers of the army as Indian agents is approved by the wisest friends of the Indians. Upon such a point the opinion of those who have made an intelligent study of the whole Indian question is alone worthy of attention and respect, for it is not founded upon a theory that Indians are vermin and the true Indian policy extermination, but upon friendly regard for the interests of the Indians and the honor of the government. It is not necessary, of course, that the appointment of agents should be limited to army officers or to any other class. There are many officers who would be as unsuitable as many civilians. But the selection of officers fitted to be Indian agents would instantly raise the standard of the Indian service, and compel the appointment of civilian agents of the same character.

There is no branch of the service more degraded by the political spoils system than the Indian Department. This fact has been often strongly and conclusively shown by Mr. **HERBERT WELSH**, of the Indian Rights Association. The reports of the association are the records of this fact, and general observation confirms it. General **MORGAN**, the present Indian Commissioner, would gladly organize the agency system upon reform principles, but he is powerless to appoint agents. That power, as in the spoils system in general, is an irresponsible power, except as the President is the chief executive officer of the entire administration. The power is really distributed among certain knots of politicians in the States and Territories where the Indian reservations are situated, and certain Senators and Representatives. The mischiefs of this system have been constantly exposed. They cost the country millions of dollars, and immense national discredit. No public advantage, nothing but bitter wrong, cruel war, and vast expense, results from the spoils system in the Indian service. It is the opinion of experts in Indian affairs that the Dakota outbreak of last winter, the latest serious trouble, was due directly to the senseless system which makes the Indian agencies partisan rewards, with no practical regard to the character, fitness, or conduct of the agents.

What is called the army theory of the Indians, that the best Indian is a dead Indian, is by no means universal in the army. General **CROOKS** and General **MILES**, officers of the largest experience among the Indians, are illustrations of accomplished soldiers who do not exclude Indians from the pale of humanity, and whose sagacity, firmness, and sympathy have been of the greatest service by teaching the Indians both respect and confidence in their relations with a government and people that seem often to have labored strenuously to destroy respect and confidence in the Indian breast. In the military service there is undoubtedly favoritism, but it has not been ruthlessly devastated by the spoils system, so that its standard and its pride are very much higher than those of the civil service. The proposed law, therefore, administered with intelligence, and with regard for the welfare both of the country and of the Indians, would be a very great public benefit, and a happy incident in Indian administration.

"INFAMOUS MUGWUMPERY."

THE Shelby *Sentinel* in Michigan, "formerly the Shelby *Republican*," now a Democratic paper, loudly challenges the anti-**HILL** mugwumps in New York. It proposes to comprehend them as vagrom men. Therefore it says: "The mugwumps that are making a noise about **WASHINGTON**'s birthday convention are beneath notice or consideration. The truth is that the mugwumps' machine is the most pernicious in politics. It is located in the city of New York, and it is lubricated with the greasy money of grinding and powerful corporations. It is moved by office-holders and office-seekers. Take away the beggars for place among the mugwumps—independent candidates for all the offices—and break the partnership with money, and mugwumpery will disappear."

But this is not enough. The Shelby *Sentinel* ascends from particulars to generals, and, superior to orthography and other graces of style, it fulminates to the city and the world in these resonant sentences:

> "Mugwumpery, whether of a Democratic or Republican origin, is an offensive wart on our political system. It is a reffuge for party outcasts, canting hypocrites, and political hermaphrodites. It is an associate of men having reciprocity with no-body but themselves and having as its practical profession of faith treachery and deceit, except when it pays better to be true. It wabbles between Democracy and Republicanism, and its allegiances to either party is regulated by the chances of office-getting. It is an assylum for barnacles, cranks, dead-beats, crooks, failures, and assassins in politics. The mugwumps take no part in organization. On the contrary they never fail to improve an opportunity to disintegrate. They do not work. They sing hymns and preach from the Mormon text: Blessed is the man who bloweth his horn, and when victory comes they demand the best places as rewards for their moral example. They are all infamous hounds."

This is a vigorous but sincere statement of the feeling with which party servility regards political independence.

AN EPISODE IN LOWELL'S LIFE.

Upon another page will be found an exceedingly interesting narrative by Mrs. Anna D. Hallowell of a passage in the early life of Mr. Lowell, with letters of the most intimate character. The paper describes his first acquaintance and correspondence with Philadelphia before and after his marriage with Miss Maria White and during his ardent interest in the antislavery movement. This feeling was fostered strongly by his wife, and Lowell was proud to call himself an abolitionist in the darkest days of the antislavery agitation.

In his late address upon Lowell before the Loyal Legion, Mr. Higginson, who was himself a "Garrisonian," says, "In the classification of that time he was a far more radical abolitionist than Whittier ever was." But Lowell's essential independence is shown in his comment upon the "Rallying Cry for New England," which is published in Mrs. Hallowell's paper. Mrs. Lowell died in 1853. Four years later Mr. Lowell married Miss Frances Dunlap, of Portland, Maine, a woman of great force and dignity of character, of fine cultivation and excellent judgment, reserved but charming in manner, and, like Maria White, an ennobling influence upon Lowell's life. She died in England in 1885, after a long and painful illness.

Lowell's autobiography is in his letters. He wrote copiously and readily and intimately, and with incomparable wit and brilliancy. He was the last of the great letter-writers—a race which has disappeared with leisure and high postage. The number of his letters is very great, and happily they will be edited by the wisest and most sympathetic of editors, his neighbor, companion, and most intimate friend of many years, Charles Eliot Norton.

A LOSS TO THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

The retirement of ex-Governor Hugh S. Thompson, of South Carolina, from the Civil Service Commission is a very serious public loss. Mr. Thompson is a Democrat whose admirable service under a Republican administration shows the folly of the assertion that under such circumstances harmonious action is impossible. It is perfectly possible, because the duties of the office are wholly non-partisan. Mr. Pearson, as Postmaster of New York under the Cleveland administration, was a Republican, but his duties required neither Republican nor Democratic opinions or sympathies, and his only trouble lay in the efforts of politicians to perplex his administration that they might push him out, and turn the Post-office to party account, which was impossible while he remained.

The relations of Mr. Thompson with his colleagues, who are Republicans, have been entirely cordial, and one of the great achievements of the present commission has been the success of Mr. Roosevelt's efforts to inspire confidence in the Southern States in the honest administration of the law. The success was due largely undoubtedly to the confidence in Mr. Thompson which was felt by Democrats in those States, who trusted the commission in whose work he bore so important a part.

Mr. Thompson, while Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was quite as firm in his faith in the wisdom of the reformed system as he has been while Civil Service Commissioner. His firm and urbane attitude did much to impress upon the Treasury Department the conviction of the reality and practicability of the reform. It will be very difficult to replace him in the important position from which he retires to enter upon business in New York under the most promising auspices. The whole body of active reformers are well aware of the value of his services, and he retires with their unqualified respect and hearty good wishes.

A DELIGHTFUL BOOK.

One of the most delightful of recent books is Mr. Montgomery Schuyler's *American Architecture*, a very handsome and exquisitely illustrated volume just published by the Harpers, which the author modestly calls studies. It is in fact a collection of papers upon architecture, as "Concerning Queen Anne," "The Vanderbilt Houses," "The Brooklyn Bridge as a Monument," "An American Cathedral," and "Glimpses of Western Architecture" at Chicago, St. Paul, and Minneapolis—all connected, as Mr. Schuyler well remarks and lucidly explains, by the common point of view.

In fact, with ample technical and scientific knowledge, which is never permitted to confuse the reader, but affords sure footing for his progress through the book, it is the charming conversation of a competent critic upon subjects in which every intelligent reader is interested, but not always with definite ideas. The impression produced is that of the master of pictures to whom Goethe says that we may say with safety, "Show me the best." The critic at once wins confidence, and his observations are of such pungent frankness and intelligent insight that his companion wonders how he missed it until he was told.

Long ago an excellent gentleman published a work which he called *Scenery Shower*, which soon perished because of its title, of which the public asked, "If it doesn't mean a shower of scenery, what does it mean?" to which there was no audible answer. It was a pity, for the book was a well-meant endeavor to show scenery, that is, to set forth the principles upon which the landscape should be observed. This is precisely what Mr. Schuyler, without trouble and with a sparkling manner, does for the familiar architecture of the country. It is a modern interest and a study of extraordinary rapidity of development in America to which he gives the key, and enables the tyro to unlock treasuries of pleasure which otherwise would not exist for him. Those who have known a master of landscape painting know what a new landscape a walk with him in the country revealed. It is the same pleasure which Mr. Schuyler has given us as we stroll with him along the streets in which with his discerning eye we watch the genius of architecture disporting itself at its own will.

THE PRESS AND THE LAW OF LIBEL.

The complaint for libel against the editor of the *Evening Post* was thrown out by the Grand Jury; but the *Post* very properly and very clearly points out the ease with which, under the present practice, the freedom of the press may be assailed. Criminal libel is punishable in New York as a misdemeanor by fine and imprisonment, but the law makes an important qualification. The publication is justified when the matter charged as libellous is true, and is published with good motives and for justifiable ends, and it is excused when honestly made in the belief of its truth, and upon reasonable grounds for the belief, and consists of fair comments upon the conduct of persons in respect of public affairs. This provision is made in the interest of the liberty of the press, and to prevent wanton and vexatious proceedings at law designed to restrict freedom of comment and discussion under the necessary conditions of a daily newspaper. The very terms of the law, as the *Post* says, show that what is called a libel may be a great public service.

Consequently, to treat a man who in the view of the law may be a public benefactor as a burglar or a thief, who can in no way benefit the public by his crimes, is a gross and unpardonable outrage, and yet this is what the present legal methods authorize in the case of an editor charged with criminal libel. This is not necessary, and it is not the practice elsewhere. In France or England an editor charged with libel is summoned before the magistrate. But the magistrates are men of high character and learned in the law, who belong to the intelligent and responsible part of the community. But in New York, among the magistrates appointed by Tammany Hall there are those who would not hesitate to use the process of arrest to annoy and vex a personal or political opponent. This has been done, says the *Post*, four times since Tammany came into power; and although the case may be absolutely frivolous and be dismissed, yet the arrest, with all its circumstances, is practically a punishment before trial. The probability of such annoyance is a perpetual terror held over the honest press, by which alone the wrongs of city administration are likely to be exposed, and it is therefore a crime against the public, as tending to deprive it of the knowledge which it ought to possess.

The *Post* suggests the obvious remedy:

> "Arrests for libel on the Police Justices' warrants should be abolished, and the complainant be compelled to go in the first instance, as he has to do now in the second instance, before the Grand Jury and state his case. They would then pass, as they do now, on its reasonableness, and decide, as they do now, whether it had enough merit to warrant its being tried, to grant a warrant or summons, or refuse it accordingly. Nobody's interest would suffer by this change. Both parties would escape the empty formality of the preliminary arraignment in the police court, the complainant would lose no right which he now possesses, and the defendant would be protected against needless insult and annoyance before it was known whether he was really a malicious slanderer or a public benefactor."

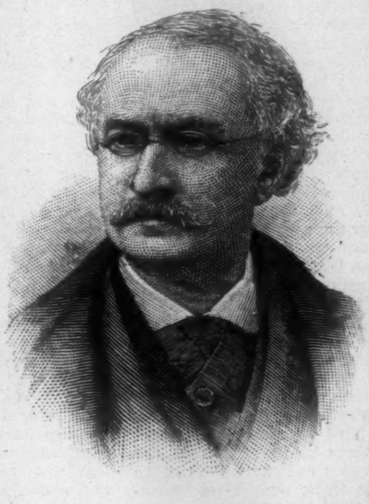
While Tammany is in command of the Legislature, such legislation, of course, is not to be expected. But the public wrongs which are the result of the present practice, which is one of the bulwarks of the power of Tammany, are also among the powerful reasons for the union of all honest citizens always against Tammany supremacy.

PERSONAL.

M. de Westenberg, the Minister from the Netherlands at Rome, is much liked by Americans. This popularity arises from his having lived at one time in the United States as Minister from the Netherlands, and from the happy circumstance that his wife is an accomplished lady from Baltimore. Madame de Westenberg entertains with charming hospitality at the residence of the Minister, and is in every way most kind, thoughtful, and sympathetic in her attentions to her countrywomen who visit Rome. On his recent birthday King Humbert conferred upon M. de Westenberg the Great Cordon of the Legion of SS. Maurizio e Lazzaro. Commenting upon this decoration, the *Tribuna* of Rome says:

> "Minister di Westenberg is an excellent gentleman, whose charitable bequests and philanthropic motives have earned him an enviable reputation in Rome. Many a poor family in this city has received letters containing money with no signature or other mark that would reveal the identity of the sender save the letter X. This 'X' we know to be Minister di Westenberg, and we congratulate the King upon having conferred the honor on so meritorious a person."

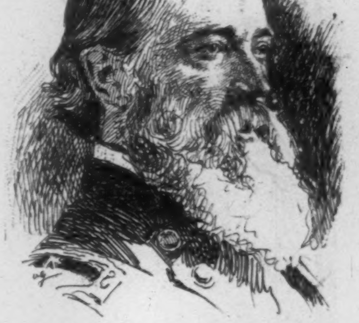
—On the 12th of April, 1861, the first gun from Fort Sumter was fired in answer to the attack from the South Carolina troops. That gun was aimed by General Abner Doubleday, who was then a captain of artillery. Of the officers at Fort Sumter at that time only two survive—General Doubleday and General Crawford, who was the post surgeon. General Doubleday, now retired, lives in Mendham, New Jersey, in a charming little house called Sumter Cottage. On each recurring 12th of April he flies the flag that was used at Fort Moultrie before the command there evacuated and moved over to Sumter.



—John K. Porter, who died at Watertown, New York, recently, at the age of seventy-three, was known to many people otherwise unacquainted with his notable career as judge and jurist, from his prominence in the prosecution of Guiteau, and the defence of Henry Ward Beecher in the famous Beecher-Tilton case. After his admission to the bar, he opened an office in Albany, in 1848. Governor Fenton, in 1864, appointed him to fill a vacancy on the Court of Appeals bench, and in the following autumn he was duly elected to the position. He left the bench to resume his practice in 1868, and was thereafter counsel in some of the most celebrated cases ever tried in this country. As an instance of his thoroughness in presenting a case, his defence of Mr. Beecher filled fifty-one newspaper columns. Judge Porter was one of the last of the forensic legal orators, and was a close student all his life.

—Bishop Hurst has asked for $10,000,000 for the establishment of the American University at Washington, D. C., which is to be a non-sectarian institution, although nominally in charge of the Methodists. One of the latest acts of the historian Bancroft was the sending of a check to Bishop Hurst for the university, with his heartiest wishes for its success.

—An interesting exhibition of the works of two well-known American artists—Messrs. T. de Thulstrup and Rufus F. Zogbaum—is now in progress at Keppel's Gallery, No. 20 East Sixteenth Street, in this city. The pictures include drawings by Mr. Thulstrup, mainly from Russian subjects and of military and yachting scenes; drawings by Mr. Zogbaum of life in the United States army and navy, and of some foreign scenes and subjects; and a number of water-colors by both artists. Among the last is a spirited picture, "Troika," by Mr. Thulstrup, of a Russian sleigh, with its three horses harnessed abreast, speeding over a snowy waste. There are also two or three fine water-colors by Mr. Zogbaum, illustrative of military subjects, a hunting scene called "In at the Death," and a couple of striking pictures of sporting episodes in the West. Several of the drawings "in black and white" by both artists are originals of illustrations which have appeared at different times in Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly.



—The late Brigadier-General Thomas W. Sweeny was a distinguished soldier of three wars, if the Fenian invasion of Canada in 1866, in which he participated, may be dignified by the title of war. He fought with credit under Scott, in Mexico, losing an arm at Churubusco, and rising from the volunteer ranks to a Second Lieutenancy in the Second Infantry. At the outbreak of the rebellion he was promoted to a Captaincy, and given charge of the valuable arsenal at St. Louis. He was severely wounded at the battle of Wilson's Creek, and was present at the fighting at Fort Donelson and at Shiloh, where his conduct won Sherman's especial praise. As Brigadier-General of Volunteers and as Major of the Sixteenth Infantry, he took a prominent part in the Atlanta campaign, and at the battles of Resaca, Dallas, and Kenesaw Mountain. He was retired May 11, 1870, with the rank of Brigadier-General, and was seventy-two years old at the time of his death.

—John Huston Finley, the new head of Knox College, is the youngest college President in the United States, being only twenty-eight years of age. He is Scotch-Irish in descent and energy. When a mere farm boy he showed a passion for study. He learned all that the high-school of Ottawa could teach, and then by hard study, meantime supporting himself by working on a farm and teaching country school, he prepared himself to enter Knox in 1883. Although at times he had to leave college to earn a living, he bore the honors throughout his course. He was not only the best writer and orator of his class, but he also carried off the first honors in oratory in the Inter-collegiate, and then in the Inter-State Association. After graduation in 1887, he studied at Johns Hopkins, and there assisted Professor Ely in the preparation of *Taxation in American States and Cities*. Since 1889 he has been Secretary of the State Charities Aid Association of New York, and editor of the *Charities Review*. He has contributed to various periodicals, and in 1891 he lectured at the Plymouth School of Ethics.

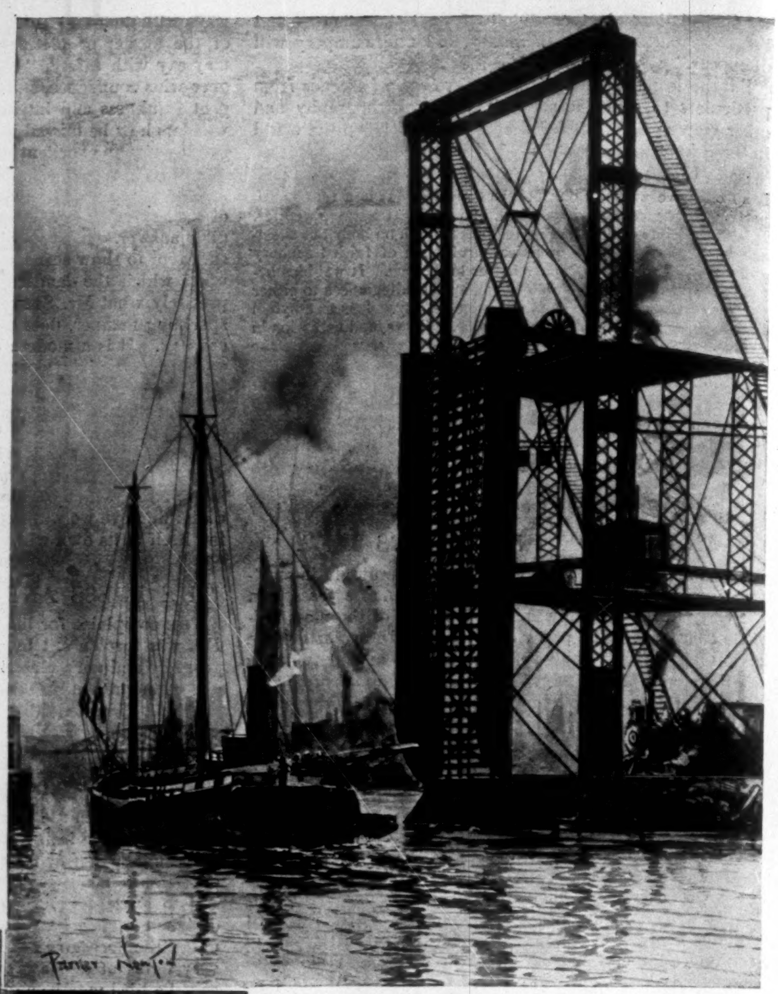
A STREET BLOCKADE IN GOTHAM.

An inevitable feature of the great commercial expansion of lower New York city, the replacing of the old-time shops and dwelling-houses with factories and warehouses, and the steady transformation of down-town residence streets into business thoroughfares, has been lack of street space. The astonishing increase in volume of trade and the augmentation of shipping commerce have not brought a corresponding widening of routes for freight transportation about the business districts. The enlarged demands for the conveyance of people to and from and through this quarter have been in a manner provided for by street railway improvements without much additional occupying of the streets; but the continually increasing number of vehicles used to transport merchandise overcrowd the thoroughfares more and more, rendering the problem of how to prevent street blockades all the time more difficult. Through most trafficways the volume of freight-wagons moves with comparative smoothness. It is only when several converging routes pour their processions of vehicles into the common opening that the stress of the situation can be fully realized.

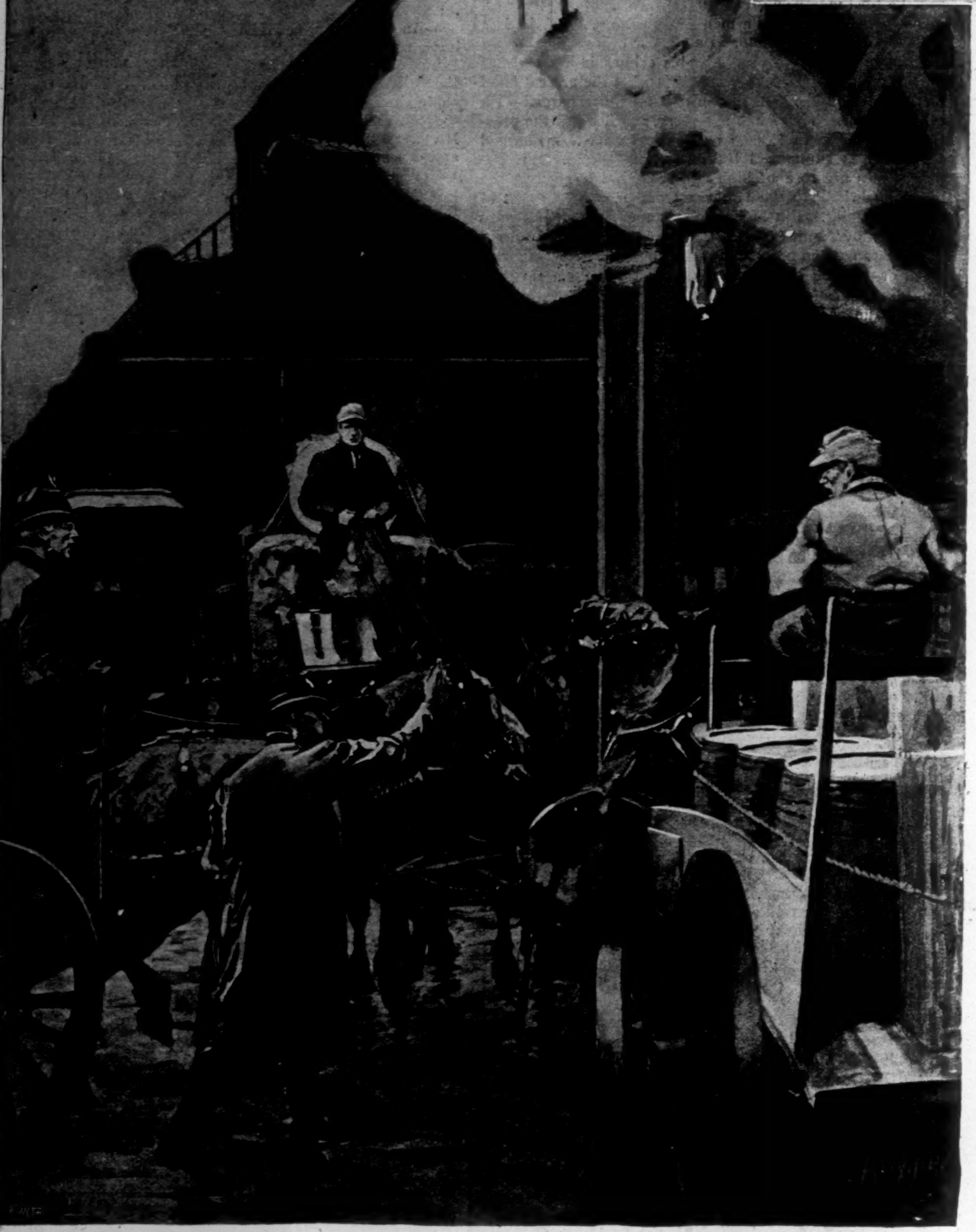
A noteworthy instance of this overcrowding is afforded at the little space formed by the meeting of West Broadway, Hudson Street, and College Place—a triangular opening about 300 feet in length, with an average width of 130 feet, crossed east and west by Chambers and Reade streets. As a converging point for every manner of vehicle this point would be hard to match the world over. The Chambers Street station on the Sixth Avenue elevated railway stands above its lower end, the track over West Broadway running lengthwise along the east side. Northerly and southerly through this space lie three important surface lines of horse-cars—the Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth avenue lines; the last-named route enters from Chambers Street in a curve, while across the "square" from east to west comes the Chambers Street and Grand Street Ferry line of surface cars, connecting East River ferries and Brooklyn Bridge with the North River ferries.

All these passenger lines imply a constant travel, great in itself, but they constitute a minor element in the tide of vehicles that roll through this centring point in the heart of the business quarter of the city. On the west, toward the North River, are the great fruit, produce, grocery, and confectionery commission firms; down West Broadway flows the freightage of the wholesale grocery, shoe and leather, wool and shoddy-rag houses; and up College Place come the ladings of the great crockery firms. The merchandise of the wholesale hardware houses and the cross-town freighting in hides and leather pour through Reade and Chambers streets, at the foot of which lie the freight offices of the New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railway, Pavonia Ferry, and, a little below them, the piers and freight-houses of the Providence and the Boston and Fall River steamship lines.

To keep under headway in tolerable order the dense concourse of vehicles which all day long move in conflicting streams through this meeting-place is a task which to a casual looker-on might appear impossible, for the scene seems a hopeless confusion of teams. Carts, vans, grocery and express wagons, mingle with the great drays, which, loaded high with hides, paper bundles, and other bulky materials, drawn by enormous Norman horses, force their way by superior weight and momentum through the press. United States mail-wagons, claiming undisputed right of way, work their way in and out of the throng; and sometimes a hack, in haste to make a short-cut to the boat-landing, ventures into the dangerous maze of heavy vehicles, with uncertain prospects of emerging on time and unharmed. In the mid-day hours, and notably from two to four in the afternoon, the moving counter-processions tangle up here and there into seemingly inextricable blockades.



THE DRAWBRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER—THE LARGEST IN THE COUNTRY.
Drawn by Parker Newton.



A NEW YORK STREET BLOCKADE—WEST BROADWAY AND CHAMBERS STREET.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

In such emergencies the guardian angel of the place, the vigilant policeman, to whom the unravelling of such Gordian knots has by long experience become second nature, does wonders. Shouting forth orders, and not seldom threats, backed by his prompt hand on the bridle bits, he disentangles the confusion of vehicles and horses with surprising celerity. But sometimes, under unusual pressure of teaming, the efforts of several officers to keep everything moving smoothly cannot avert many collisions, not seldom enlivened by personal encounters between teamsters in dispute over the right of way. The heroic episode of this scene is the meeting of two heavy drays moving under all the headway attainable, when, if the policeman is not at hand to adjust the rights of all parties, the weaker team must go to the wall. At such times each driver, scorning to yield an inch of the way to the other, engages unhesitatingly in a contest that might recall the concluding scene, set to slow time, of the chariot race in *Ben-Hur*. With a crash the wheels interlock, a mighty tug of war ensues, while sparks fly beneath the hoofs of the straining horses, and, smashing opposition, the victorious vehicle goes its way, leaving the defeated driver to solace himself with language, while he estimates the damage to his vehicle. The journeyer in a street car in this space may at any time have the contemplation of his newspaper interrupted by the crash of the rough serried edges of a load of hides against the windows, carrying away glass and frames, and throwing the frightened passengers to the opposite side of the car in picturesque confusion. So the daily crush goes on, to continue and intensify until adequate means are found for the transportation of freight through the commercial quarters of the town.

Clarence Pullen.

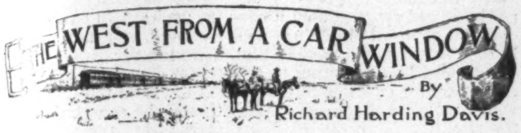
THE NEW HARLEM RIVER DRAW.

For a stream of its size, the Harlem River probably costs more to cross than any other river in the country. The city has spent millions on its bridges. The Park Department, through some strange outcropping of its jurisdiction, is spending or about to spend many thousands more, and the New York Central Railroad Company has just paid out $50,000 for a temporary drawbridge to be used during the construction of the grand span which will take the Park Avenue viaduct across the little river.

The draw in question is the largest of its kind in the country. The tower is 120 feet above the rails of the track. The lift, or portion of the road-bed which is snatched by a double-cylinder engine out of the way of passing craft, is 93 feet long. The counterpoises, whose weight holds the lift in place after it has been lifted, weigh 45 tons apiece. It only takes 20 seconds for this heavy machinery to do its work of clearing the channel.

This equipoise draw, as it is called, seems a decidedly modern improvement on the fashion of pivot drawbridges commonly in use. Yet it needs but a glance to note its resemblance to the draws which crossed mediæval castle moats.

If, however, the Douglas had had a double-cylinder engine and 45-ton counterpoises, warranted to work in 20 seconds, it would not have been safe for Marmion to defy him, and one of Scott's finest passages might have never been written.

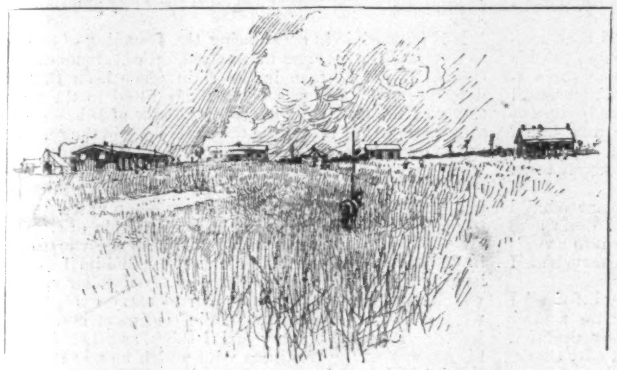


THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW

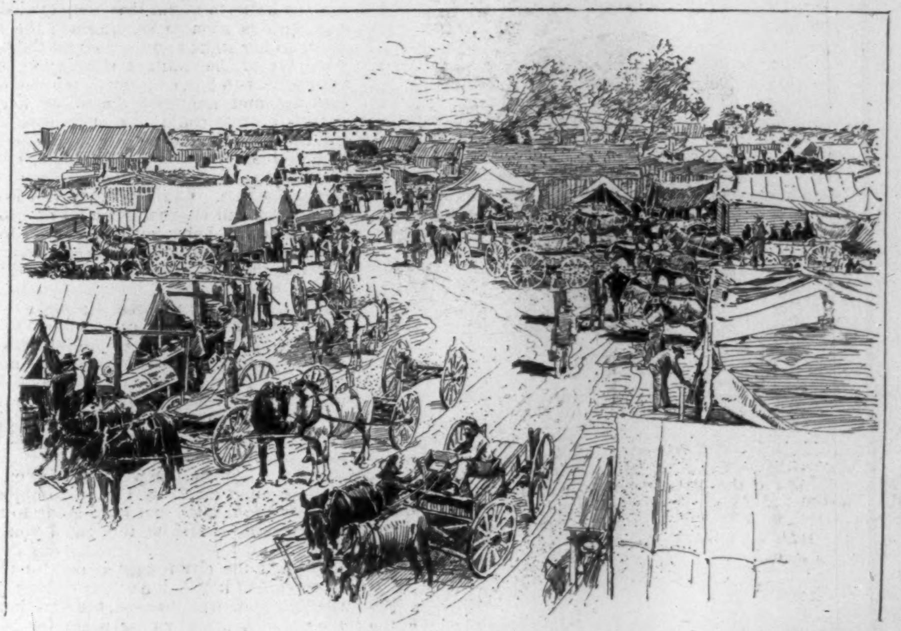
By Richard Harding Davis.

IV.—A THREE-YEAR-OLD CITY.*

THE only interest which the East can take in Oklahoma City for some time to come must be the same as that with which one regards a portrait finished by a lightning crayon artist, "with frame complete," in ten minutes. We may have seen better portraits and more perfect coloring, but we have never watched one completed, as it were, "while you wait." People long ago crowded to see Master Betty act, not because there were no better actors in those days, but because he was so very young to do it so very well. It was as a freak of nature, a Josef Hoffman of the drama, that they considered him, and Oklahoma City must content itself with being only of interest as yet as a freak of our civilization.



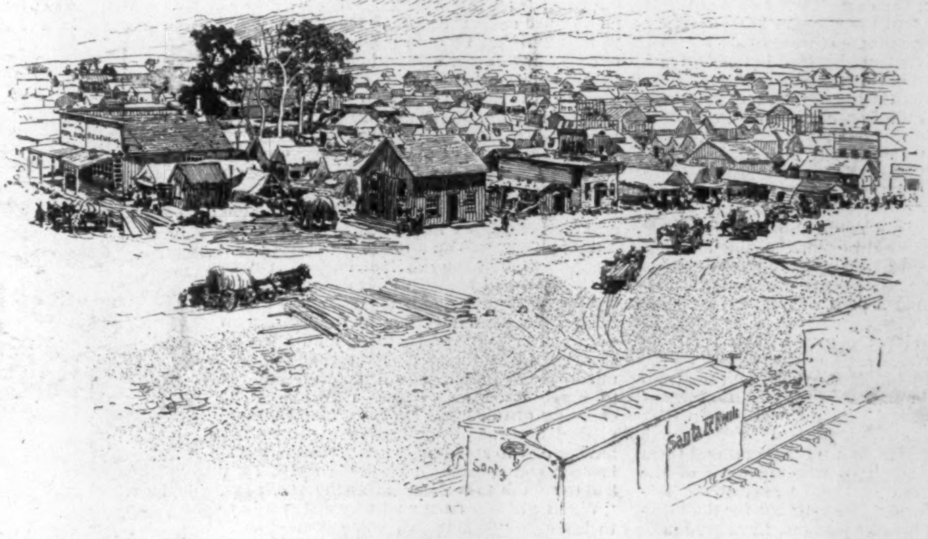
OKLAHOMA CITY ON THE DAY OF THE OPENING.



FIVE DAYS AFTER THE OPENING.

After it has decided which of the half dozen claimants to its town sites is the only one, and the others have stopped appealing to higher and higher courts, and left the law alone and reduced their attention strictly to business, and the city has been burnt down once or twice, and had its Treasurer default and its Mayor impeached, and has been admitted to the National Baseball League, it may hope to be regarded as a full-grown rival city; but at present, as far as it concerns the far East, it is interesting chiefly as a city that grew up overnight, and did in three years or less what other cities have accomplished only after half a century.

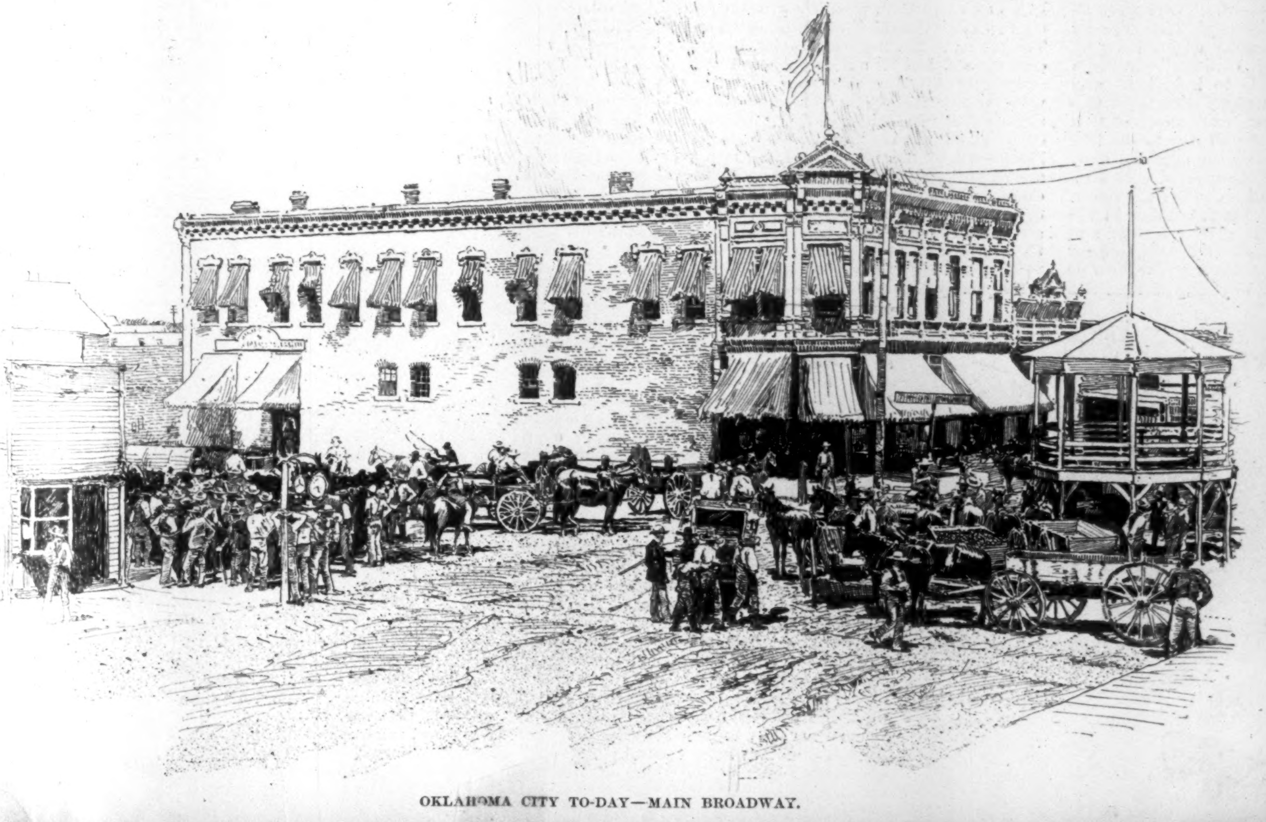
The history of its pioneers and their invasion of their undiscovered country not only shows how far the West is from the East, but how much we have changed our ways of doing things from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers to those of the modern pilgrims, the "boomers" and "sooners" of the end of the century. We have seen pictures in our school-books, and those which Mr. Boughton has made for us, of the *Mayflower's* people kneeling on the shore, the long, anxious voyage behind them, and the "rock-bound coast" of their new home before them, with the Indians looking on doubtfully from behind the pine-trees. It makes a very interesting picture—those stern-faced pilgrims in their knickerbockers and broad white collars, with the conscious strength of having resisted persecution and overcome the perils of the sea, and ready to meet the perils of an unknown land. I would like you to place in contrast with this the opening of Oklahoma Territory to the new white settlers three years ago. These modern pilgrims stand in rows twenty deep, separated from the promised land not by an ocean, but by a line scratched in the dirt with the point of a soldier's bayonet. The long row toeing this line is bending forward, panting with excitement, and looking with greedy eyes towards the new Canaan, the women with their dresses tucked up to their knees, the men stripped of coats and waistcoats for the race to follow. And then, a trumpet call, answered by a thousand hungry yells from all along the line, and hundreds of men and women on foot and on horseback break away across the prairie, the stronger pushing down the weak, and those on horseback riding over and in some cases killing those on foot, in a mad, unseemly race for something which they are getting for nothing. These pilgrims do not drop on one knee to give thanks decorously, as did Columbus according to the twenty-dollar bills, but fall on both knees, and hammer stakes into the ground and pull them up again, and drive them down somewhere else at a place they hope will eventually become a corner lot facing the post-office, and drag up the next man's stake, and threaten him with a Winchester because he is on *their* land, which they have owned for the last three minutes. And there are no Indians in this scene. They have been paid $1 25 an acre for the land, which is worth $5 an acre as it is, before a spade has been driven into it or a bit of timber cut, and they are safely out of the way.



FOUR WEEKS AFTER THE OPENING.

Oklahoma Territory, which lies in the most fertile part of the Indian Territory, equally distant from Kansas and Texas, was thrown open to white settlers at noon on the 22d of April, 1889. To appreciate the Oklahoma City of this day, it is necessary to go back to the Oklahoma of three years ago. The city at that time consisted of a railroad depot, a section house and water-tank, the home of the railroad agent, and four other small buildings. The rest was prairie-land, with low curving hills covered with high grass and bunches of thick timber—this as far as the eye could see, and nothing else. This land, which is rich and black and soft, and looks like chocolate where the plough has turned the sod, was thrown open by the proclamation of the President to white settlers, who could on such a day, at such an hour, "enter and occupy it" for homestead holdings. A homestead holding is 160 acres of land. The proclamation said nothing about town sites, or of the division of town sites into "lots" for stores, or of streets and cross-streets. But several bodies of men in different parts of Kansas prepared plans long before the opening, for a town to be laid out later around the depot, the water-tank, and the other buildings where Oklahoma City now stands, and had their surveyors and their blue prints hidden away in readiness for the 22d of April. And all of those who intended entering this open-to-all-comers race for land knew that the prairie around the depot would be laid out into lots, and hence that depot and other depots which in time would become cities were the goals for which over 40,000 people raced from the borders of the new Territory. So many of these "beat the pistol" on the start and reached the goal first that, in consequence, the efforts ever since to run this race over again through the law courts has kept Oklahoma City from growing with even more marvellous rapidity than it has already done.

The Sunday before the 22d was a warm bright day, and promised well for the morrow. Soldiers and deputy marshals were the only living beings in sight around the de-



OKLAHOMA CITY TO-DAY—MAIN BROADWAY.

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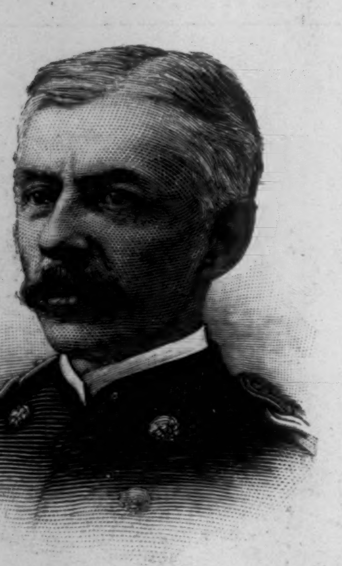
* The first paper of this series, "From San Antonio to Corpus Christi," was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 5, 1892. The second paper, "Our Troops on the Border," was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 26, 1892. The third paper, "At a New Mining Camp," was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for April 9, 1892.



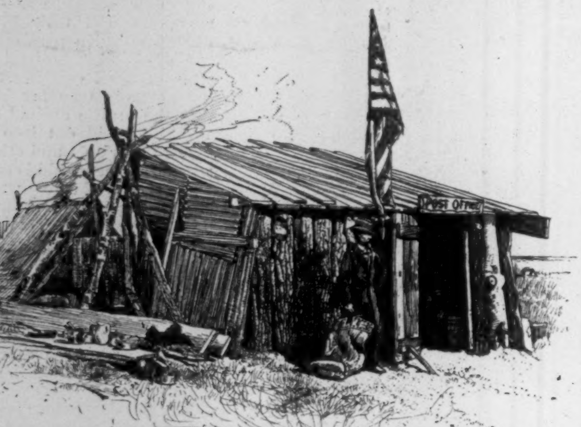
CAPTAIN D. F. STILES.

pot, and those who tried to descend from passing trains at the station were pushed back again at the point of the bayonet. The course was being kept clear for the coming race. But freight cars loaded with raw lumber and furniture and all manner of household goods, as well as houses themselves, ready to be put together like the joints of a trout rod, were allowed free entry, and stood for a mile along the side-track awaiting their owners, who were hugging the border lines from fifteen to thirty miles away. Captain D. F. Stiles, of the Tenth Infantry, who had been made provost marshal of the new Territory, and whose soldiers guarded the land before and maintained peace after the invasion, raised his telescope at two minutes to twelve on the eventful 22d of April, and saw nothing from the depot to the horizon but an empty green prairie of high waving grass. It would take the first horse (so he and General Merritt and his staff in their private car on the side-track decided) one hour and a quarter at least to cover the fifteen miles from the nearest border. They accordingly expected to catch the first glimpse of the leaders in the race with their glasses in about half an hour. The signal on the border was a trumpet call given by a cavalryman on a white horse, which he rode in a circle that those who were too far away to hear the trumpet might see that it had been sounded. A like signal was given at the depot, but before it had died away, and *not* half an hour later, 500 men sprang from the long grass, dropped from the branches of trees, crawled from under freight cars and out of cañons and ditches, and the blank prairie became alive with men running and racing about like a pack of beagles that have suddenly lost a hot trail.

Fifteen minutes after twelve the men of the Seminole Land and Town Company were dragging steel chains up the street on a run, the red and white barber poles and the transits were in place all over the prairie, and neat little rows of stakes stretched out in regular lines to mark where they hoped the town might be. At twenty minutes after twelve over forty tents were in position, and the land around them marked out by wooden pegs. This was the work of the "sooners," as those men were called who came into the Territory too soon, not for their own interests, but for the interests of other people. At a quarter past one the Rev. James Murray and a Mr. Kincaid, who represented the Oklahoma Colony, stopped a sweating horse and creaking buggy and hammered in their first stakes. They had left the border line exactly at noon, and had made the fifteen miles at the rate of five minutes per mile. Four minutes later J. H. McCortney and Colonel Harrison, of Kansas, arrived from the Canadian River, having whipped their horses for fifteen miles, and the mud from the river was over the hubs of the wheels. The first train from the south reached the depot at five minutes past two, and unloaded 2500 people. They scattered like a stampeded herd over the prairie, driving in their little stakes, and changing their minds about it and driving them in again at some other point. There were already, even at this early period of the city's history, over three different men on each lot of ground, each sitting by the stake bearing his name, and each calling the other a "sooner," and therefore one ineligible to hold land, and many other names of more ancient usage. But there was no blood shed even during the greatest excitement of that feverish afternoon. This was in great part due to the fact that the provost marshal confiscated all the arms he saw. At three o'clock the train from the north arrived with hundreds more hanging from the steps and crowding the aisles. The sight of so many others who had beaten them in the race seemed to drive these late-comers almost frantic, and they fell over one another in their haste, and their race for the choicest lots was like a run on a bank where no one knows exactly where the bank is. One young woman was in such haste to alight that she crawled out of the car window, and as soon as she reached the solid earth beneath, drove in her stake and claimed all the land around it. This was part of the military reservation, and the soldiers explained this to her, or tried to, but she was suspicious of every one, and remained seated by her wooden peg until nightfall. She could just as profitably have driven it into the centre of Union Square. Another woman stuck up a sign bearing the words, "A Soldier's Widow's Land," and was quite confident that the chivalry of the crowd would respect that title. Captain Stiles told her that he thought it would not, and showed her a lot of ground still unclaimed that she could have, but she refused to move. The lot he showed her is now on the main street, in the centre of the town, and the lot she was finally forced to take is three miles out of the city in the prairie. Another woman drove her stake between the railroad ties, and said it would take a locomotive and a train of cars to move *her*. One man put his stake in the very centre of the lot sites laid out by the surveyors, and claimed the 160 acres around for his homestead holding. They explained to him that he could only have as much land as would make a lot in the town site, and that if he wanted 160 acres, must locate it outside of the city limits. He replied that the proclamation said nothing about town sites.

"But, of course," he went on, "if you people want to build a city around my farm, I have no objections. I don't care for city life myself, and I am going to turn this into a vegetable garden. Maybe, though, if you want it very bad, I *might* sell it."

He and the city fought it out for months, and, for all I know, are at it still. At three o'clock, just three hours after the Territory was invaded, the Oklahoma Colony declared the polls open, and voting began for Mayor and City Clerk. About 400 people voted. Other land companies at once held public meetings and protested against this election. Each land company was mapping out and surveying the city to suit its own interests, and every man and woman was more or less of a land company to himself or herself, and the lines and boundaries and streets were intersecting and crossing like the lines of a dress pattern. Night came on and put a temporary hush to this bedlam, and 6000 people went to sleep in the open air, the greater part of them without shelter. There was but one well in the city, and word was brought to Captain Stiles about noon of the next day that the water from this was being sold by a speculative gentleman at five cents per pint, and that those who had no money were suffering. Captain Stiles found the well guarded by a faro-dealer with a revolver. He had a tin basin between his knees filled with nickels. He argued that he owned the lot on which the water stood, and had as much private right to the well as to a shaft that led down to a silver or an iron mine. Captain Stiles threw him and his basin out at some distance on to the prairie, and detailed a corporal's guard to see that every one should get as much water as he wanted. During the morning there was an attempt made to induce the surveyors of the different land companies to combine and readjust their different plans, but without success. Finally, at three o'clock, the people came together in desperation to decide what was to be done, and, after an amusing and exciting mass-meeting, fourteen unhappy and prominent citizens were selected to agree upon an entirely new site. The choosing of this luckless fourteen was accomplished by general nomination, each nominee having first to stand upon a box that he might be seen and considered by the crowd. They had to submit to such embarrassing queries as, "Where are you from, and why did you have to leave?" "Where did you get that hat?" "What is your excuse for living?" "Do you live with your folks, or does your wife support you?" "What was your other name before you came here?" The work of this committee began on the morrow, and as they slowly proceeded along the new boundary lines they had mapped out, they were followed by all of those of the population, which now amounted to 10,000 souls, who thought it safe to leave their claims. As a rule, they found three men on each lot, and it was their pleasant duty to decide to which of these the lot belonged. They did this on the evidence of those who had lots near by. In many cases, each member of each family had selected a lot for himself, and this complicated matters still further. The crowd at last became so importunate and noisy that the committee asked for a military guard, which was given them, and the crowd after that was at least kept off the lot they were considering. The committee met with no real opposition until it reached Main Street on Saturday, the fifth day of the city's life, where those who had settled along the lines laid down by the Seminole Land Company pulled up the stakes of the citizens' committee as soon as they were driven down. For a time it looked very much as though the record of peace was about to be broken along with other things, but a committee of five men from each side of the street decided the matter at a meeting held that afternoon. At this same public meeting articles of confederation were adopted, and a temporary Mayor, Recorder, Police Judge and other city officials were appointed, who were to receive one dollar for their services. This meeting closed with cheers and with the singing of the doxology.

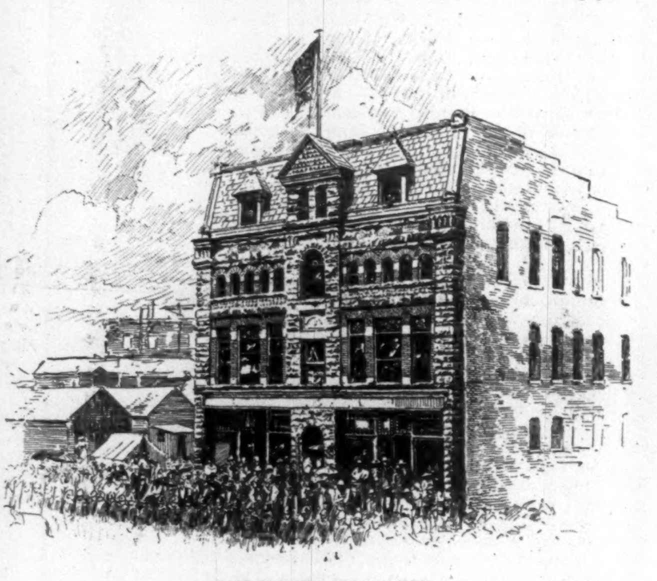


POST-OFFICE, APRIL 22, 1889.

The next day was Sunday, and was more or less observed. Captain Stiles visited the gamblers, who swarmed about the place in great numbers, and asked them to close their tables, which they did, although he had no power to stop them if they had not wished to do so. In the afternoon two separate religious services were held, to which the people were called by a trumpeter from the infantry camp. This is, in brief, the history of the first week of this new city. There were, considering the circumstances, but few disturbances, and there was no drunkenness. This is disappointing, but true. Both came later. But at the first no one cared to shoot the gentleman on the other end of his lot, lest the man on the next lot might prove to be a relative of his, and begin to shoot too. Later on, when everybody became better acquainted, the shooting was more general. And they could not easily get anything to drink, as Captain Stiles seized all the liquor, and when it came in vessels of unmanageable size that could not be stored away, spilled it over the prairie. In two weeks over one thousand buildings were enclosed, and there would have been more if there had been more lumber.

It would be interesting to follow the course of this sky-rocket among cities up to the present day, and tell how laws were evolved and courts established, and the complexities of the situation disentangled, but that is rather the work for one of the many bright young men who write monographs on economic subjects at the Johns Hopkins University. It is just the sort of work in which they delight, and which they do well, and they will find many "oldest inhabitants" of this three-year-old city to take equal delight in telling them of these early days, and in explaining the rights and wrongs of their individual lawsuits against their city and their neighbors.

It is impossible in considering the founding of Oklahoma to overrate the services of Captain Stiles. Seldom has the case of the right man in the right place been so happily demonstrated. He was particularly fitted to the work, although I doubt if the Government knew of it before he was sent there, so apt is it to get the square peg in the round hole, unless the square peg's uncle is a Senator. But Captain Stiles, when he was a lieutenant, had ruled at Waco, Texas, during the reconstruction period, and the questions and difficulties that arose after the war in that raw community fitted him to deal with similar ones in the construction of Oklahoma. He was and is intensely unpopular with the worst element in Oklahoma, and the better element call him blessed, and have presented him with a three-hundred-dollar gold cane, which is much too fine for him to carry except in clear weather. This is the way public sentiment should be adjusted. Personal bravery had, I think, as much to do with his success as the readiness with which he met the difficulties he had to solve at a moment's consideration. Several times he walked up to the muzzles of revolvers with which desperadoes covered him and wrenched them out of their owners' hands. He never interfered between the people and the civil law, and resisted the temptation of misusing his authority in a situation where a weaker man would have lost his head and abused his power. He was constantly appealed to to settle disputes, and his invariable answer was, "I am not here to decide which of you owns that lot, but to keep peace between you until it is decided." In September of 1889 a number of disaffected citizens announced an election which was to overthrow those then in power, and Captain Stiles was instructed by his superior officers to prevent its taking place. This he did with a small force of men in the face of threats from the most dangerous element in the community of dynamite bombs and 250 men armed with Winchesters who were to shoot him first and his men later. But in spite of this he visited and broke all the voting booths, wrested a Winchester from the hands of the man who pointed it at his heart through one of the windows of the polling-place, and finally charged the mob of 500 men with 25 soldiers and his fighting surgeon, young Dr. Ives, and dispersed them utterly. I heard these stories of him on every side, and I was rejoiced to think how well off our army must be in majors, that the people at Washington can allow one who has served through the war and on the border and in this unsettled Territory, and whose hair has grown white in the service, to still wear two bars on his shoulder-strap.



POST-OFFICE, JULY 4, 1890.

It is much more pleasant to write of these early days of Oklahoma City than of the Oklahoma City of the present, although one of its citizens would not find it so, for he regards his adopted home with a fierce local pride and jealousy almost equal to a Chicagoan's love for Chicago, which is saying a very great deal. But to the transient visitor Oklahoma City of to-day, after he has recovered from the shock its extent and solidity give him, is dispiriting and unprofitable to a degree. This may partly be accounted for by the circumstance that his only means of entering it from the south by train is, or was at the time I visited it, at four o'clock in the morning. No one, after having been dragged out of his berth and dropped into a cold misty well of darkness, punctured only by the light from the brakeman's lantern and a smoking omnibus lamp, is in a mood to grow enthusiastic over the city about him. And the fact that the hotel is crowded, and that he must sleep with the barkeeper, does not tend to raise his spirits. I can heartily recommend this method of discouraging immigration to the authorities of any already overcrowded country or city.

But as the sun comes up, one sees the remarkable growth of this city—remarkable not only for its extent in so short a period, but for the come-to-stay air about many of its buildings. There are stone banks and stores, and an opera-house, and rows of brick buildings with dwelling-rooms above, and in the part of the city where the people go to sleep, hundreds of wooden houses, fashioned after the architecture of the sea-shore cottages of the Jersey coast; for the climate is mild the best part of the year. There are also churches of stone and brick and stained glass, and a flour-mill, and three or four newspapers, and courts of law, and boards of trade. But with all of these things, which show a steadily improving growth after the mushroom nature of its birth, Oklahoma

City cannot or has not yet shaken off the attributes with which it was born, and which in a community founded by law and purchase would not exist. For speculation in land, whether in lots on the main street or in homestead holdings on the prairie, and the excitement of real estate transfers, and the battle for rights in the courts, seem to be the prevailing and ruling passion of the place. Gambling in real estate is as much in the air as is the spirit of the Louisiana State Lottery in New Orleans. Every one in Oklahoma City seems to live, in part at least, by transferring real estate to some one else, and the lawyers and real-estate agents live by helping them to do it. It reminded me of that happy island in the Pacific seas where every one took in every one else's washing. This may sound unfair, but it is not in the least exaggerated. The town swarms with lawyers, and is overrun with real-estate offices. The men you meet and the men you pass in the street are not discussing the weather or the crops or the news of the outside world, but you hear them say: "I'll appeal it, by God!" "I'll spend every cent I've got, sir!" "They're a lot of 'sooners,' and I can prove it!" or, "Ted Hitlman's lot on Prairie Avenue, that he sold for $200, rose to $300 in one week, and Abner Brown says he won't take $600 for it now."

This is only the natural and fitting outcome of the bungling, incomplete bill which, rushed through at the hot, hurried end of a session, authorized the opening of this territory. The President might with equal judgment have proclaimed that "The silver vaults of the United States Treasury will be opened on the 22d of April, when citizens can enter in and take away 160 silver dollars each," without providing laws to prevent or punish those who entered in before that date, or to regulate those who snatched more than their share. One would think some distinction might have been made, in opening this new land, between those who came with family and money and stock, meaning to settle permanently, and those who took the morning train from Kansas in order to rush in and snatch a holding only to sell it again in three hours and to return to their homes that night; between those who brought capital, and desperadoes and "boot-leggers" who came to make capital out of others. If the land was worth giving away, it was worth giving to those who would make the best use of it, and worth surrounding with at least as much order as that which distinguishes the fight of the Harvard Seniors for the flowers on Class day. They are going to open still more territory this spring, and in all probability the same confusion will arise and continue, and it is also probable that many persons in the East may be attracted by the announcements and advertisements of the "boomers" to this new land. The West is always full of hope to the old man as well as to the young one, and the temptation to "own your own home" and to gain 160 acres of land for the asking is very great. But the Eastern man should consider the question very carefully. There is facing the passenger who arrives on the New York train at Sedalia a large black and white sign on which some philanthropist has had painted "Go East, Young Man, Go East." One might write pages and not tell more than that sign does, when one considers where it is placed and for what purpose it is placed there. A man in Oklahoma City when the day's work is done has before him a prospect of broad red clayey streets, muddy after rain, bristling with dust after a drought, with the sun setting at one end of them into the prairie. He can go to his cottage, or to The "Turf," where he can lose some money at faro, or he can sit in one of the hotels, which are the clubs of the city, and talk cattle to strangers and real estate to citizens, or he can join a lodge and talk real estate there. Once or twice a week a "show" makes a one night stand at the opera-house. The schools are not good for his children as yet, and the society that he is willing his wife should enjoy is limited. On Sunday he goes to church, and eats a large dinner in the middle of the day, and walks up to the top of the hill to look over the prairie where he and many others would like to build, but which must remain empty until the twelve different disputants for each holding have stopped appealing to higher courts. This is actually the case, and the reason the city has not spread as others around it have done. As the Romans shortened their swords to extend their boundaries, so the people of Oklahoma City might cut down some of their higher courts and increase theirs. I have given this sketch of Oklahoma City as it impressed itself on me, because I think any man who can afford a hall bedroom and a gas stove in New York city is better off than he would be as the owner of 160 acres on the prairie or in one of these small so-called cities.

And the men who are at the head of affairs, who rose out of the 6000 in a week, and who have kept at the head ever since, if they exerted the same energy, and showed the same executive ability and the same cleverness in a real city, would be real mayors, real merchants, and real "prominent citizens." They are now as men playing with children's toys when building houses of cards. Every now and then a Roger Q. Mills or a Henry W. Grady comes out of the South and West, and among these politicians and first citizens of Oklahoma City are men who only need a broader canvas and a greater opportunity to show what they can do. There are as many of these as there are uncouth "Sockless" Simpsons, or "Uncle Jerry" Rusks, or noisy Ingallses, and it is pathetic and exasperating to see men who would excel in a great metropolis, and who could live where they could educate their children *and* themselves, and be in touch with the world moving about them, even though they were not of it, wasting their energies in a desert of wooden houses in the middle of an ocean of prairie, where their point of view is bounded by the railroad tank and a barb wire fence. It depends altogether on the man. There are men who are just big enough to be leading citizens of a town of 6000 inhabitants, who are meant for nothing else, and who it is just as well should be satisfied with the unsettled existence around them; but it is better for these others to be small men in a big city than big men on a prairie, where the organ in the front room is their art gallery, bookstore, theatre, church, and school, and where the rustling grass of the prairie greets them in the morning and goes to bed with them at night.

DIPLOMACY IN WASHINGTON.

TIME was when diplomacy in Washington labored under many disadvantages. When the punctilious Mr. Merry was sent to this country to represent the British government near the democratic arm-chair of Thomas Jefferson, the capital city was a village of ambitious outline, but so empty of detail in the matter of filling that Merry found it hard to secure an appropriate domicile. There was one other foreign minister at Washington when he reached the city—Yrujo, of Spain, who had married an American, and who had just distinguished himself by a violent altercation with Madison, the Secretary of State. The Emperor of the French was represented by a *chargé d'affaires* named Pichon.

Mr. Merry found a city in name and a village in fact that was very muddy when it was not dusty, and that was crude beyond the belief of a man who had carried on his trade in the boudoirs, *salons*, and dining-rooms of the first powers of Europe. The President asked him to dinner, and took out another man's wife. France and England were about to go to war, and the French *chargé* was invited to sit at meat with the English minister. The President having selected the lady who was to sit at his right, the other guests were informed that they should go in to dinner on the principle of *pêle-mêle* which Jefferson had laid down in his code of etiquette. And so they did go in, each man with whatever woman was nearest to him. Poor Merry found himself unable to keep up with the pace of republican simplicity in this struggle for places at the feeding-table. As he was about to take his seat, an alert and independent Congressman slipped into the chair almost under the British minister's dignified person. Merry and Yrujo revenged themselves for this simplicity by taking their own wives in to dinner when they invited the members of Mr. Jefferson's cabinet.

Time wears out a good many prejudices, and it has dealt kindly with the diplomats whom foreign kings send over to the United States. There were very many years, counting the lifetime of a man, when Washington was far from comfortable, and when ministers and the young men of their suite found the American capital a most unfitting place for dangling. It is only within a few years that a French minister, who was here when Daniel Webster was Secretary of State, quarrelled with the memory of everything that he came in contact with, from the great statesman, whom he could not understand, to the effect of the mud and dust on his polished boots, which he understood very well.

Diplomacy in the United States has one very solid attraction for the unambitious. As a rule, there is plenty of idleness; and that made the Washington of the earlier day extremely exasperating. The pleasure-loving diplomat found himself with plenty of time, and nothing to do with it. When he could bear the burden no longer, he ran over to Philadelphia and drank tea; but, after all, his residence had to be nearer than that to the seat of government, and Washington had to be at least a little more than theoretically his permanent residence. Asphalt and the inroad of the rich into the capital have wonderfully mollified the opinions of diplomats concerning our government and our people. It is true that most of the representatives of foreign courts that come to us are not rich, but they dearly love the domestic life of wealthy Americans as well as their entertainments. There is no more assiduous and sympathetic "little brother of the rich" than a young secretary of legation without fortune.

Some of the members of foreign legations sometimes work hard. The British minister has a good deal to look after on occasion, and so have the Spanish and the German ministers; but while a good deal of the work must annoyingly interfere with more important engagements, there is reason to believe that the instances where a diplomat has been detained from breakfast or dinner by his work are nearly as rare as important treaties. Sometimes, however, a British minister has a cranky chief in the home office, or the German minister has a troublesome question about a pork case involving peculiarities, or Cuba is in difficulties. Then there are bothering naturalized and unnaturalized citizens. Commercial questions are not unknown, although they are not as frequent as they would be if we had any commerce to speak of. Sometimes a treaty has to be negotiated, and once upon a time the resident minister attended to this duty; but the cable has brought the heads of governments so near together, space—which, after all, is mainly a question of time—has been so nearly annihilated, that the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and our own Secretary of State do the work, relying on their ministers resident to act as messengers, to convey the contents of letters and telegrams when the chief does not want the other man to have any evidence in writing, and to act for the government as "specials" act for their newspapers, sending in the significant gossip of clubs and drawing-rooms, tea tables and dinner tables.

There is work enough to keep the blood from stagnating in most of the legation houses, perhaps; but when the day is done and breakfast has been eaten, the diplomat at Washington has before him a pleasant afternoon and evening. And Washington has changed so much that now many of the representatives of the first powers are glad to go there, and sorry to be relieved. So far as Great Britain is concerned, a change from Washington means, to a man who has filled the post acceptably, promotion to an ambassadorship.

There is a general superstition which fills the life of an accredited foreigner with a world of delights. There is some truth in this, and some untruth. A good deal depends upon the minister or the subordinates. The foreigners at Washington when they are presentable are truly in great demand. They are the objects of profound admiration on the part of young girls; of assiduous attention from older women who are ambitious of keeping alive their knowledge of French by exercising it on those who speak it officially; of people who want to get into society, or, failing that, are willing to run some risk to catch a bit of first-class aroma. The foreigner who is in the most intimate circles is almost always a fine specimen of a first-rate gentleman. The British minister, as a rule, is the leading personage among the foreign colony, and the entertainments at the big house which his government provides for him are regarded with reverence and awe. He may be dull, or even foolish, or his young men may be like him, but he is always respectable, and there are always some of the secretaries and attachés who are not afflicted with high-class London ethics—social and domestic. It is nice to be asked to the little affairs at the British Legation, to drink tea with the young women, and to play tennis on the diplomatic court. It is nice, too, but not so distinguishing, perhaps, to go to the balls.

Most of the diplomats have a passion for going about. A few very young natives of this country, who still believe in the discriminativeness of the praise lavished upon them by the home circle, like to tramp about the city of afternoons, drinking an enormous quantity of tea, and saying a good many very foolish things in exceedingly hurried tones. Diplomats who are gray-headed do this sort of thing, and their seemingly abnormal energy is a source of wonder to sedate Americans, who find the easy-chairs at the club and the gossip in the bow-windows very much more agreeable than three-minute discussions, presumed to be intellectual, and six-minute flirtations, subject to interruptions both by other men and other women. Of course there are older Americans who do this sort of thing. There are some older Americans who continue to look upon their social obligations as of importance, and as demanding attention. A few of these Americans come from the smaller cities of the republic, and find their social obligations to be a newly discovered delight. Some of them have ulterior objects in their diligent tea-drinking, and after one or two casts in the teacup may be discovered somewhere else landing their catch. A slow and delicious ramble through the most public streets (your old angler never makes the mistake of creating scandals by frequenting the byways) compensates a wholesome heart for many rinsings of the teapot. The diplomat is not unused to the ways and manners of the astute American, and in the social circle practises his art, keeps his hand in for the graver demands that may be made upon him.

A diplomat differs from the ordinary man of Washington in that his trade is social. The hussar whom Mr. Reinhart has drawn is taking an easy lesson in the diplomatic art. He is trying to persuade the young woman that he is her best friend, and if her father is a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee and talks in his sleep, he may some day be rewarded for his diligence and astuteness with a secret of vast importance.

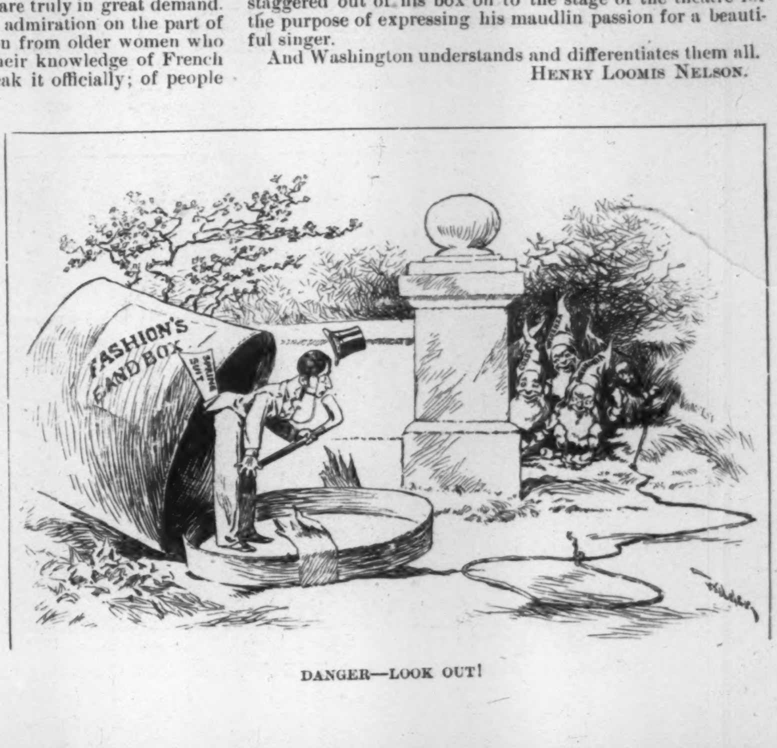
Do young women in this country like diplomats for the uniforms they wear, for the foreign tongue in which they speak, for their nearness to royalty, or for the possible chance that they will take them to court some day? In the first place, many American young women do not care anything at all for diplomats, but there are others who like the social charms and acquirements of adepts. Really, not many American young women lose their heads over a young person simply because he is in the diplomatic service. One point of resemblance between an alien and a native American is that each is likely to be taken at his true value. It may be that a title adds to the market value, but not many titles come over here, and most of those that do need regilding. There is a good deal of fun in a young foreign attaché, and the young women who like fun—and that is what youthful society is for—like the fun of the attaché. It is a kind of fun that represents the accumulated experience of centuries of young and old men who devote themselves to the business of making themselves agreeable to the people to whom they are accredited. There are young women, of course, who are captured by the most inane of foreigners, and so there are insects that mistake a tallow dip for the sun. The fools are not all confined to the male sex.

There are American youth in Washington who object because the foreigners receive, in their opinion, altogether too much social attention. They regard their own social unimportance as an evidence of the decline of patriotism among American women. Possibly it is true that American women do not carry their patriotism into their pleasures, but then not many of them marry foreigners, and of those who do, a few have made excellent matches. Perhaps if the complaining American youth would mend their manners, and attend to their social duties as assiduously as the foreigners, they would not have so much occasion for grumbling. The truth is that the world does not and will not waste much sympathy on an American youth who cannot make his way with an American girl against a rival whose sole claim to consideration is that he is a foreigner.

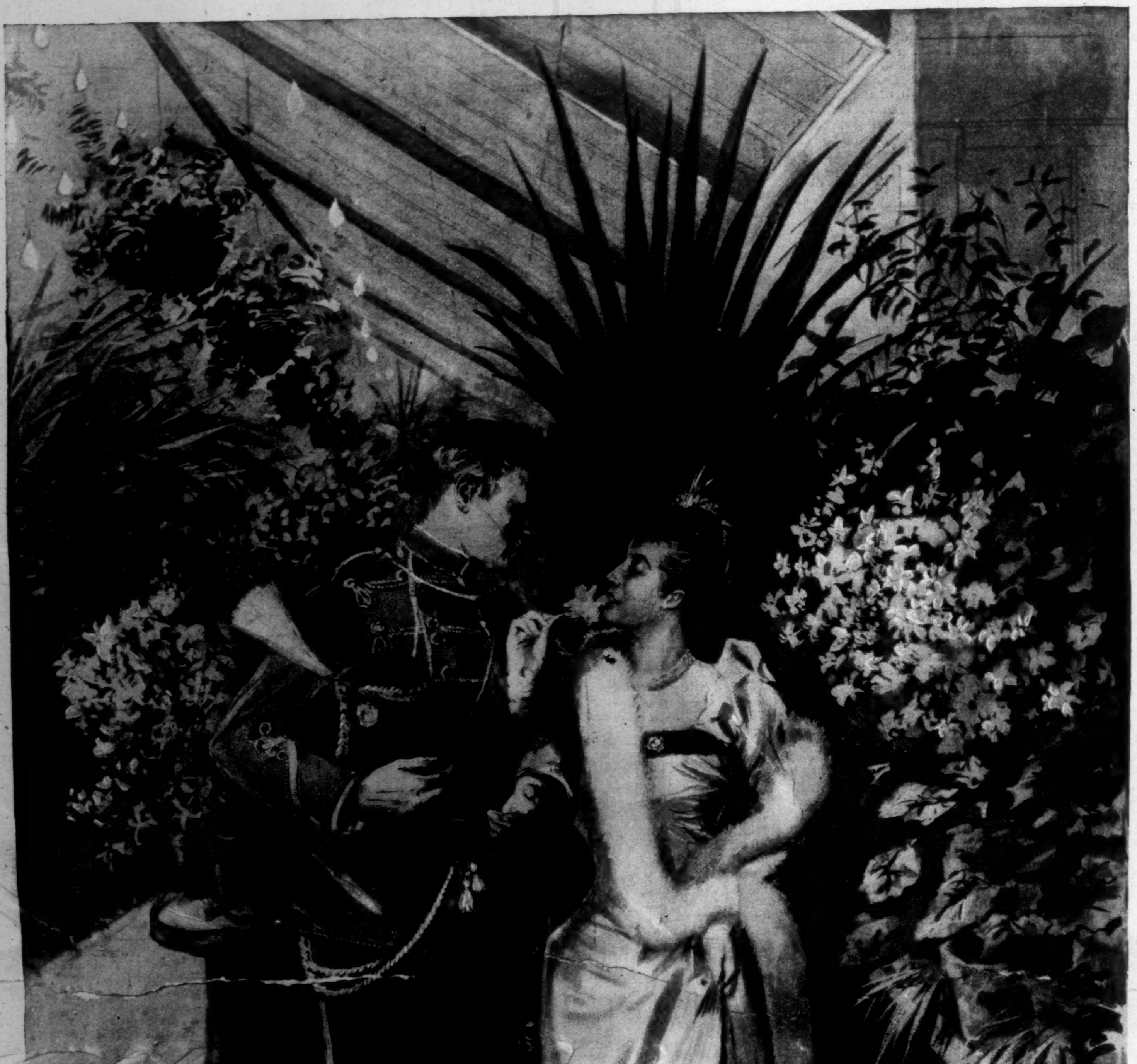
Foreign diplomats in Washington enjoy the place. They get that enjoyment out of society which comes from the contact of clever minds. They miss the pageantry and splendor of European courts; but then it is barely possible that the people who help make up the pageantry do not enjoy it as much as those who look on. As to Washington itself, the town would be quite as delightful as it is without the *corps diplomatique*, although some members of the *corps* have undoubtedly added immensely to its charms. But, as I have said before in the course of this paper, there are diplomats and diplomats. There is the charming gentleman who now represents the Czar, and there was that other short-lived person whose wife conceived that it would sharpen the appetites of her guests if she assured them that her present cook did not spit in the soup. There are the Thorntons, the Pauncefotes, the Wests, the Eisendeckers, the Alvenslebens, and a host of other genial, polite, interesting, and amusing people; and there was the drunken Turk who staggered out of his box on to the stage of the theatre for the purpose of expressing his maudlin passion for a beautiful singer.

And Washington understands and differentiates them all.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.



DANGER—LOOK OUT!



IN THE CONSERVATORY OF THE WHITE HOUSE—AN INTERNATIONAL QUESTION.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 391.]

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BY ANNA D. HALLOWELL.

LATE in the winter of 1843–4 Mrs. White, of Watertown, Massachusetts, and her daughter Maria, then a delicate girl of twenty-one, left the bleak neighborhood of Boston to spend the spring in the milder climate of Philadelphia. It happened that they went to a "Friend's" boarding-house in the Quaker City, and through the kindly interest of their hostess, "Friend Parker," made the acquaintance of my grandparents, who introduced them into other hospitable Friendly homes. The Whites had no knowledge of Quakerism, but their simple sincere natures found much in common with members of that sect, who in turn experienced a new enjoyment in intercourse with these gentle "world's people." Strong friendships followed, and as a natural result of these, Maria White's tendency towards the antislavery movement, then in its unpopular beginnings, was strengthened and confirmed.

When the weather grew warmer, and the formidable east winds of New England had become tempered, they returned to Watertown. Maria White was urged to remain longer in Philadelphia, and visit some of her new friends in their own homes; but her reply was characteristic: "No, no. I have left one in Cambridge who makes even the east wind warm for me." This "one" was James Russell Lowell, her promised husband.

Soon after her arrival at home she sent my father the following poem, by Mr. Lowell, in manuscript. It has never been published in any of the editions of his works, and this may be the only copy in his handwriting now existing. It was printed anonymously at the time in some of the Boston newspapers, and can, no doubt, be found among their files.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1845).

MARIA WHITE LOWELL (1845).

"This is copied, at Maria's request, for Edward M. Davis, of Philadelphia, whom I would make the vehicle of my thanks to his circle of friends for the kindness which more than anything else made Maria's stay in Philadelphia happy, and gave the air its healing properties. J. R. L.

"A RALLYING CRY FOR NEW ENGLAND AGAINST THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS.

"Rise up, New England, buckle on your mail of proof sublime,
Your stern old hate of tyranny, your deep contempt of crime;
A traitor plot is hatching now, more full of woe and shame
Than ever from the iron heart of bloodiest despot came.

"Six slave States added at a breath! One flourish of a pen,
And fetters shall be riveted on millions more of men!
One drop of ink to sign a name, and Slavery shall find
For all her surplus flesh and blood a market to her mind!

"A market where good Democrats their fellow-men may sell!
Oh, what a grin of fiendish glee runs round and round through hell!
Now all the damned leap up for joy, and half forget their fire,
To think men take such pains to claim the notice of God's ire!

"Is't not enough that we have borne the sneers of all the world,
And bent to those whose haughty lips in scorn of us are curled?
Is't not enough that we must hunt their living chattels back,
And cheer the hungry blood-hounds on that howl upon their track?

"Is't not enough that we must bow to all that they decree—
These cotton and tobacco lords, these pimps of slavery?
That we must yield our conscience up to glut Oppression's maw,
And break our faith with God to keep the letter of man's law?

"But must we sit in silence by, and see the chain and whip
Made firmer for all time to come in Slavery's bloody grip?
Must we not only half the guilt and all the shame endure,
But help to make our tyrant's throne of flesh and blood secure?

"If hand and foot we must be bound by deeds our fathers signed,
And must be cheated, gulled, and scorned because they too were blind,
Why, let them have their pound of flesh, for that is in the bond,
But woe be to them if they cut a half hair's-breadth beyond!

"Is water running in our veins? Do we remember still
Old Plymouth Rock and Lexington and glorious Bunker Hill?
The debt we owe our fathers' graves, and to the yet unborn,
Whose heritage ourselves must make a thing of pride or scorn?

"Gray Plymouth Rock hath yet a tongue, and Concord is not dumb;
And voices from our fathers' graves and from the future come.
They call on us to stand our ground; they charge us still to be
Not only free and true ourselves, but foremost to make free.

"The homespun mail by mothers wove, that erst so freely met
The British steel, clothes hearts as warm with pilgrim virtues yet.
Come, brethren, up! Come, mothers, cheer your sons once more to go
Forth to a nobler battle-field than with their olden foe!

"Come, grasp your ancient buckler, gird on your ancient sword;
Let Freedom be your bastion, your armory God's word;
Shout, 'God for our New England!' and smite them hip and thigh,
The cursèd race of Amalek, whose armor is a lie!

"They fight against the laws of God, the sacred human heart;
One charge for Massachusetts, and their counsels fall apart!
Rock the old cradle yet once more; let Faneuil Hall send forth
The anger of true-hearted men, the lightning of the North!

"Awake, New England! While you sleep the foes advance their lines;
Already on your stronghold's wall their bloody banner shines.
Awake, and hurl them back again in terror and despair!
The time has come for earnest deeds; we've not a man to spare."

"Had I entirely approved either the spirit or the execution of these verses I had put my name to them. But they were written in great haste, and for a particular object, and I used therefore such arguments as I thought would influence the mass of my readers, viz., a swinging ballad metre, some sectional prejudice and vanity, some denunciation, some scriptural allusions, and no cant. I wished *it* to be violent, because I thought the occasion demanded violence, but I had no wish to be violent myself, and therefore I let it go anonymously. Had I written aught in my own name, it would have been entirely different.

"(Signed) J. R. LOWELL.

"ELMWOOD, *May* 26, 1844."

The following letter from Maria White which accompanied the poem expresses her opinion of its merits:

"WATERTOWN, *June* 12, 1844.

"MY FRIEND,—I send enclosed the lines on the Annexation I promised you. . . . James does not at all realize how good and stirring it is, and the few remarks he makes at the end prove it. It is a war-cry, but not one that of necessity appeals to bloodshed, though it has been quoted in several of the Southern papers as instancing the murderous hatred of the North against them. They are too anxious to prove the warlike intentions of the North to be very logical in their deductions.

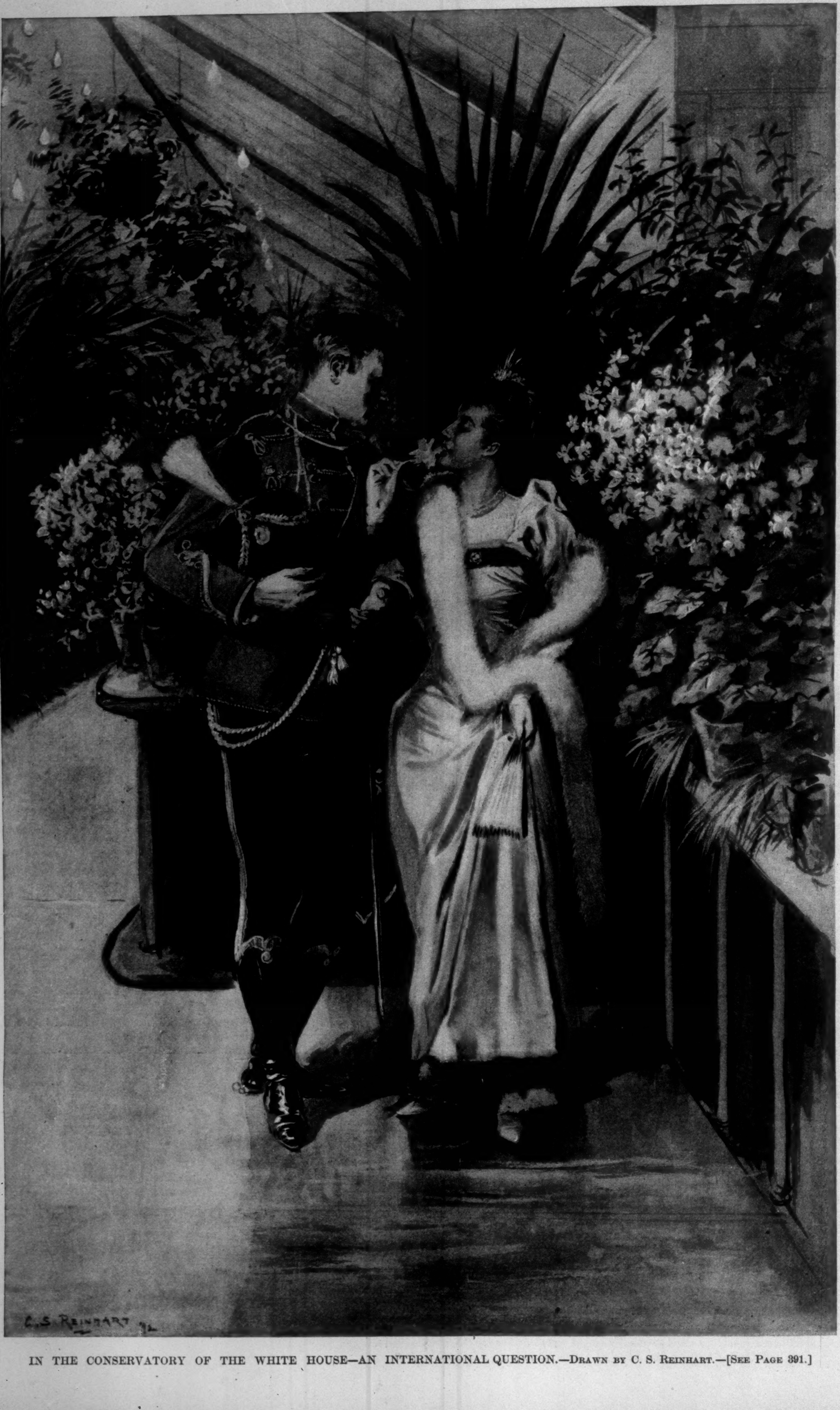
"I have talked so much to James of Philadelphia that I have inspired him with a desire to try its virtues if he has an opportunity. We shall probably be married in the spring, and I wish very much to spend it there, instead of in our bleak New England, and we should do so if we heard of any opening or employment for him during so short a period as three months. I suppose the season for lectures would be over then, and I fear that Destiny has not been so kind as to arrange any exact labors for him there, simply because he wished to go. But should you hear of any situation for a literary man at that time, however small the recompense, might I not depend on your kindness to let us know of it? Any temporary editorship or employment of that kind you might hear of, while it would never reach us here. . . .

"Sincerely yours, MARIA WHITE."

Her friends were only too glad to carry out this suggestion, and when in the spring of 1845 the newly married pair came again to Philadelphia, it was arranged that Mr. Lowell should do some editorial work on the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, a modest antislavery weekly of that city (edited at one time by John G. Whittier), and should also make regular contributions to the *Antislavery Standard*, published in New York. This was as congenial work as any for the ardent young poet, who had the dislikes for regular engagements common to genius, and found it difficult to write to order; but in this, as in all other ways, his wife guided and "goaded" him (as he said), and Pegasus trotted quietly along in editorial harness for several years. His dilatoriness led to many comical scenes between them, ending, on his part, with submission to her gentle admonitions, and the production of the required article.

After remaining several weeks at the house of "Friend Parker," Mr. and Mrs. Lowell accepted an invitation from my parents to visit them, and spent April and May with us, to the delight of the entire household. I was only a child at the time, but I remember well some of the incidents of those two months. Mr. Lowell romped and played games with us, and earned the name of "James Lowell, funny man." We were Quaker children, not allowed to use the title "Mr.," so we took refuge in this embarrassment—as did our elders too—in speaking the whole name, which seemed more respectful and less abrupt than merely to say "James." Mrs. Lowell told us fairy stories and recited ballads. It was my greatest pleasure to hear her repeat "The Caldon Low," in a soft crooning voice that was sweeter than singing. Until years after I remembered it as singing, until assured that she had no ear for music, and could not even turn a tune.

Once during this visit Mr. and Mrs. Lowell went with my



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The British steel, clothes hearts as warm with pilgrim virtues yet.
Come, brethren, up! Come, mothers, cheer your sons once more to go
Forth to a nobler battle-field than with their olden foe!

"Come, grasp your ancient buckler, gird on your ancient sword;
Let Freedom be your bastion, your armory God's word;
Shout, 'God for our New England!' and smite them hip and thigh,
The cursèd race of Amalek, whose armor is a lie!

"They fight against the laws of God, the sacred human heart;
One charge for Massachusetts, and their counsels fall apart!
Rock the old cradle yet once more; let Faneuil Hall send forth
The anger of true-hearted men, the lightning of the North!

"Awake, New England! While you sleep the foes advance their lines;
Already on your stronghold's wall their bloody banner shines.
Awake, and hurl them back again in terror and despair!
The time has come for earnest deeds; we've not a man to spare."

"Had I entirely approved either the spirit or the execution of these verses I had put my name to them. But they were written in great haste, and for a particular object, and I used therefore such arguments as I thought would influence the mass of my readers, viz., a swinging ballad metre, some sectional prejudice and vanity, some denunciation, some scriptural allusions, and no cant. I wished *it* to be violent, because I thought the occasion demanded violence, but I had no wish to be violent myself, and therefore I let it go anonymously. Had I written aught in my own name, it would have been entirely different.

"(Signed) J. R. LOWELL.

"ELMWOOD, *May* 26, 1844."

The following letter from Maria White which accompanied the poem expresses her opinion of its merits:

"WATERTOWN, *June* 12, 1844.

"MY FRIEND,—I send enclosed the lines on the Annexation I promised you....James does not at all realize how good and stirring it is, and the few remarks he makes at the end prove it. It is a war-cry, but not one that of necessity appeals to bloodshed, though it has been quoted in several of the Southern papers as instancing the murderous hatred of the North against them. They are too anxious to prove the warlike intentions of the North to be very logical in their deductions.

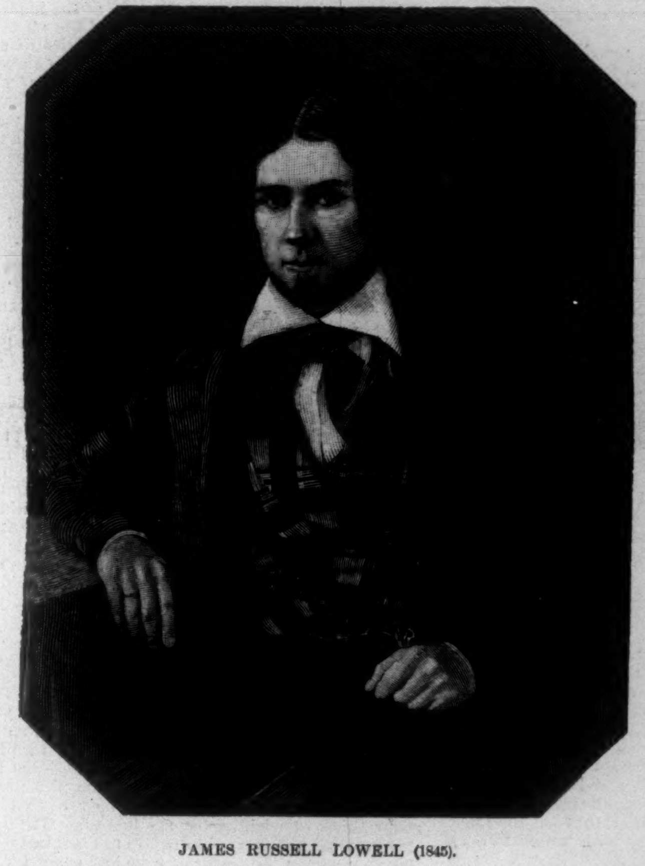
"I have talked so much to James of Philadelphia that I have inspired him with a desire to try its virtues if he has an opportunity. We shall probably be married in the spring, and I wish very much to spend it there, instead of in our bleak New England, and we should do so if we heard of any opening or employment for him during so short a period as three months. I suppose the season for lectures would be over then, and I fear that Destiny has not been so kind as to arrange any exact labors for him there, simply because he wished to go. But should you hear of any situation for a literary man at that time, however small the recompense, might I not depend on your kindness to let us know of it? Any temporary editorship or employment of that kind you might hear of, while it would never reach us here....

"Sincerely yours, MARIA WHITE."

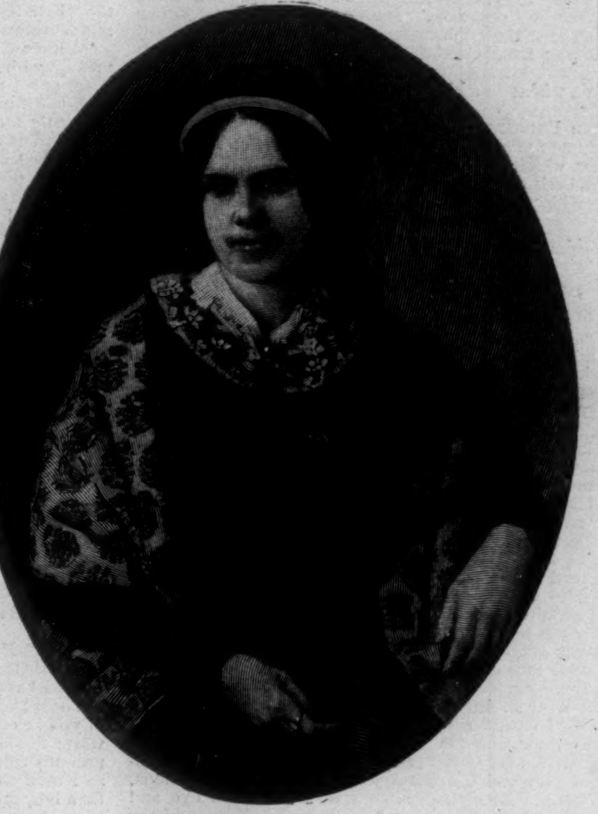
Her friends were only too glad to carry out this suggestion, and when in the spring of 1845 the newly married pair came again to Philadelphia, it was arranged that Mr. Lowell should do some editorial work on the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, a modest antislavery weekly of that city (edited at one time by John G. Whittier), and should also make regular contributions to the *Antislavery Standard*, published in New York. This was as congenial work as any for the ardent young poet, who had the dislikes for regular engagements common to genius, and found it difficult to write to order; but in this, as in all other ways, his wife guided and "goaded" him (as he said), and Pegasus trotted quietly along in editorial harness for several years. His dilatoriness led to many comical scenes between them, ending, on his part, with submission to her gentle admonitions, and the production of the required article.

After remaining several weeks at the house of "Friend Parker," Mr. and Mrs. Lowell accepted an invitation from my parents to visit them, and spent April and May with us, to the delight of the entire household. I was only a child at the time, but I remember well some of the incidents of those two months. Mr. Lowell romped and played games with us, and earned the name of "James Lowell, funny man." We were Quaker children, not allowed to use the title "Mr.," so we took refuge in this embarrassment—as did our elders too—in speaking the whole name, which seemed more respectful and less abrupt than merely to say "James." Mrs. Lowell told us fairy stories and recited ballads. It was my greatest pleasure to hear her repeat "The Caldon Low," in a soft crooning voice that was sweeter than singing. Until years after I remembered it as singing, until assured that she had no ear for music, and could not even turn a tune.

Once during this visit Mr. and Mrs. Lowell went with my



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1845).



MARIA WHITE LOWELL (1845).

father and mother on a short driving tour through Chester County. Kennets Square, with its quaint hospitable farm-houses and well-cultivated farms, was a source of great interest to Mr. Lowell. He admired the intelligence and sturdy simplicity of the people, while at the same time his sense of humor was keenly touched by their Quaker peculiarities. I do not think, though, that this humor ever stood between him and his friends. He was a man to laugh with rather than at people.

Before leaving Philadelphia Mr. and Mrs. Lowell, at the request of my father, had their daguerreotypes taken by Langenheim, a famous artist of the city. These are the only pictures taken in their early married life, and are therefore reproduced with these letters of the same period. They are beautiful specimens of this antiquated style of portraiture.

The next letter was written on the way back to Cambridge, a journey of two or three days then, after bidding what proved to be almost a final good-by to Philadelphia. Visits were exchanged at various times between the two families, but they were for only a few days at a time.

The three letters that follow speak for themselves:

"STATEN ISLAND, *May* 28, 1845.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I had intended not to have written to you until after our return home, but I thought you would be pleased to hear from us on our way. We arrived in New York in safety before tea-time, after passing through one of the most magnificent thunder-storms I ever saw. Mrs. G—— was expecting us; but instead of the 'chamber large enough for three' which my too expansive imagination had conjured up, I found that our apartment was a kind of closet with a window in it, exactly large enough to hold a bedstead and washing-stand, without admitting even so conveniently shaped a biped as a lodger, much less so huge a quadruped as a chair.... We had, however, the satisfaction of feeling entirely safe from all molestation by robbers, the only practicable entrance to our cage being directly over the bed. If I had ever had the nightmare in this limited sphere, I am very sure that it would have assumed the shape of a coroner sitting on my body, and bringing in a verdict of 'suffocated in the pursuit of economy.' But there was not room in our dormitory for the nightmare and us together.... I shall write to you from Cambridge, and till then remain in all love,
J. R. L.

"Maria wishes to add a foolish P.S."

"DEAR FRIENDS—I could not let these flighty words of James's go to you without adding some of my own weightier matter, which consists chiefly in the fact that I love you, and look back with mingled pleasure and regret to our happy stay with you....

"I remain ever in cordial love,
"MARIA W. LOWELL."

"ELMWOOD, *July* 24, 1845.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—

* * * * * * * * *

"If you had cast about for a hard question to ask me, you could not have been more successful than in desiring my advice as to a course of reading. I suppose that very few men who are bred scholars ever think of such a thing as a *course* of reading after their Freshman year in college. Their situation throws books constantly in their way, and they select by a kind of instinct the food which will suit their mental digestion, acquiring knowledge insensibly, as the earth gathers soil. This was wholly the case with myself. There is hardly any branch of knowledge in which I have not read *something*, and I have read a great many out-of-the-way books, yet there are many which almost every one reads that I have never even opened. For example, I have read books on magic and astrology, and yet never looked into a history of England. All that I know of it, I have acquired by reading the biographies of men whose lives *are* the history of England. So, too, I know more of the history of ancient Rome than I do of that of America.

"Having now proved myself to be wholly incompetent to give any advice (as is usually though more unconsciously the case with advisers), I proceed to give it. If I were in your case, I should read History. Hume and Smollett for England, Robertson for Scotland, Niebuhr and Gibbon for Rome, Mitford for Greece, Bancroft for America. Thucydides and Livy and Herodotus you can read in translations, also Tacitus. Read them always with a modern eye, and note how exactly alike men have been in all ages of the world as far as the *external* motives of life go. In the *internal* you will find a steady progress. You will see men in every age and country with genius, self-devotion, high moral principle—in short, with *inspiration*. You will see the masses always struggling with a blind instinct upward, but never so much as now will you find great principles diffused, and forcing men into action. All History shows the poverty and weakness of Force, the wealth and power of Gentleness and Love.

"Read also the Reviews; they will keep you abreast of the current of modern literature. In astronomy read Nichol; in geology, Lyell. Michelet's *History of France* (now publishing) is a good one, I believe.

"After you have once begun to read, you will need no advice. One book will lead to another, and that to a third. If I think of any better books, I will mention them in another letter.. But History must always lie at the foundation....

"I blew another 'dolorous and jarring blast' in the *Courier* the other day, which you will probably see in the *Liberator* of this week or next. I was impelled to write by the account of the poor fugitives who were taken near Washington.* I think it has done some good. At any rate, it has set two gentlemen together by the ears about Dissolution, and they are hammering away at each other in the *Courier*. Tell Miller that an article for the *Freeman* will reach him as early as Tuesday....Farewell.

"I remain, with true love, your friend, J. R. L."

ELMWOOD, *October* 7, 1845.

"MY DEAR EDWARD,—

* * * * * * * * *

"Before I write any farther, I intend to indulge you in a little advice—*you must write to us oftener*. I am not a person who readily forgets his friends, especially such as I respect as well as love, but I *do* need some hint to induce me to write to them. You hint in your last letter that it must be very easy for *me* to write, because writing is my profession, while, in truth, this is precisely what makes it hard. You must recollect that it is vacation-time with me when the pen is out of my hand. Before I became an author I used to write multitudes of letters to my friends. Then, wherever I set my foot, thoughts rose up before me short-winged and chirping as the flights of grasshoppers which spring from the path of one who walks in September stubble-fields. The post-office was my safety-valve, which eased me in a trice of all my too-explosive thoughts, humors, and moods. Now my thoughts take a higher and wider flight, and are not so easily followed and defined by the eye. I confess that my opinions seem to me of less importance..... You complain of not being able to write with ease. Believe me, the only way of learning to write with ease, is first to write with difficulty. If you would learn to write—write! It is the only way. In writing, only let yourself go, only respect your own instincts, and allow your mind the single privilege it asks—that of being unconscious, and if you have anything to say, you will say it in the best way. To speak to you after the manner of Friends, reverence the *Inward Light*, leave it as free in writing as I think you do in action, and your pen cannot go wrong. Be sure of this, that the man who is forever upon the strain to say something good, something original, will surely be baffled. For these are not the ends for which the faculty of expressing ourselves in speech or writing was given to us. When a man strives to be *remarkable*, it must be for a selfish end—for his own glory. What we are put here for is to represent clearly and simply that portion of God which is in us—what you Friends, with (it seems to me) only a half sight of the Truth, call the Inward Light, and this can only be done by forgetting ourselves entirely. Self is the impenetrable obstacle which prevents God from flowing freely through, and so from us.

"In spite of the many triumphs of slavery, my dear Edward, I think our cause in a better way than ever. God takes a thousand ways to bring about His purposes, and always adjusts His means nicely to the spiritual state of those who are to be His workmen. As it is self-interest which mainly obstructs the moral vision of the North on the question of slavery, it must be to self-interest that we look for aid. God will permit the evil cause to encroach so far as to array against itself that very love of Mammon which is now its strongest ally. But, after all, we must convert the whole land to Christianity before we can hope for any radical reform.

"I do not think that Cherry Street meeting will dare to meddle with Lucretia Mott. If they do, it will only be one more proof of the Antichristianity of the modern Church. Christ cast out devils, but the Church nowadays casts about diligently for ways and means by which to expel whatever angels there may chance to be in it.

"Since I wrote you last quite a change has come over our temporal prospects. Maria's father died quite suddenly, and has left a very large estate to be divided among his children. I suppose that when the estate is settled (Mr. W. died intestate) we shall be the possessors of $20,000 or more. I confess I hardly feel so independent as before. I believe that in this age poverty needs to have apostles, and I was resolved to be one, but I suppose God knows what is best for me, or the event would not have happened. That I should ever have lived to be such a nabob!

"I do not know whether you will think this accession of fortune good news or not, but I can tell you something that is so. If nothing happens to prevent, Maria will become a mother some time in November. Dear God, how all other possessions seem dross compared with her and her baby!....

"We have already formed several plans for the future. We intend to travel southward in the spring to avoid our easterly winds, so that you may look to see us in Philadelphia probably in March.. We also look forward to crossing the water for Italy next fall. If we do this, we shall probably remain abroad for two or three years....

"(Signed) JAMES AND MARIA."

In a letter to my mother dated "Elmwood, November 14, 1845," Maria Lowell writes:

"DEAR MARIA,—Such pleasant letters pass between our husbands that I have felt disinclined to write myself, when I could have so good an amanuensis as it were; but now I feel as if I wished to exert myself a little, and say a few words to you in especial.... My drawers of little white robes and warm flannels are all in order, and with the exception of presents from friends, they are all as simple and unadorned as I used to prophesy they would be, and I did not know then how great the temptation was to spend time and money upon the wardrobe of the expected guest, to select the finest textures and most delicate embroidery with which to deck their little soft bodies....

"I am afraid that Edward did not find New England quite the antislavery paradise he expected. With the exception of a few leading minds, people here, as elsewhere, are occupied with their own petty aims and objects, and are only willing to give their aid when the call is shouted directly in their ears. The taint of indifferentism is as great here as elsewhere, and the people are more guilty because better informed than the masses farther South.... There will be enough here to turn the heads of those who have tables,* for they have undertaken a great labor—that of filling Faneuil Hall with things to be bought, and with people to buy them. Mrs. Chapman is indefatigable as usual, and could she but infuse her zeal into half a dozen other women, there would not be one spot unfilled in the great hall. But she is one among a thousand, although 'thousands' (as you say in Philadelphia) in herself.... We shall probably go to Italy next fall, at the time when you are returning from France. Now that we know the amount of our property, it seems quite doubtful whether we shall be able to travel much; but we can live in Italy as cheaply as at home, and have all the advantages of climate and beautiful works of art besides."

From this time, during the short idyl of her life, the "little daughter,"† whose birth is so joyously announced in the next letter, becomes a touching feature of the correspondence.

"ELMWOOD, *January* 1, 1846.

"MY DEAR EDWARD,—I can now give you an adequate for the good news in your last letter. Our little daughter Blanche was born yesterday afternoon at 3½ o'clock. She is a very fine hearty child, very fair and white, with red cheeks, and looks already a month old. Maria, thank God! is quite well.... Our fair has been eminently successful, more so than any hitherto. I received your tract only a day or two since, having only been to Boston once or twice for the last two months. I am much obliged to you for it, though my thankfulness is almost used up by the baby....

"Tell Miller and Sarah the news.

"Most affectionately and joyfully your friend,
"(Signed) J.R.L."

"ELMWOOD, *February* 23, 1846.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—My dislike of writing when I have nothing especial to say to my friends except that I love them, puts me often, I fear, by my silence, in danger of cooling or even of losing altogether the affection of those whom I most prize, if they are not sufficiently well acquainted with my *personal* characteristics to forgive me. Let me say, once for all, that there is no one of my friends whom I think of oftener or value more highly than yourself—and, to tell the truth, none to whom I write oftener. From this you may judge what a shocking correspondent I am. Had you known me before I had used the pen professionally, I might have overwhelmed you with long letters. As it is, I consider every poem I write (whether I publish it or not) as a letter to all those whom I hold personally dear. I feel that I have made a truer communication of myself so than in any other way—that is, that I have in this way written my friends a letter from the truer and better J. R. L., who resides within and often at a great distance from the external man, who has some good qualities, but whose procrastination is enough to swamp them all. I put off writing from day to day because I do not like to write a short letter, and cannot bear to send a long one which does not contain the very best essence and outcome of me.

"I was just meditating a long letter to you, as I told you in my hurried note, when everything else was driven out of my head by the arrival of a letter by the steamer which made it necessary for me instantly to prepare an article which I had undertaken to write, and which I had postponed until I could be sure of its being needed. It is an affair which I wish you to keep strictly to yourself, as the knowledge that I am the author will destroy a part of the effect I wish to produce. I have engaged to write a series of articles for Dickens's new paper on "Antislavery in the United States," of which the first has already appeared, and of which I am to forward one by each steamer till I have said my say. Of course if it became generally known that they were written by a professed Abolitionist it would give them a taint in the delicate nose of the public. The first article is merely introductory, nor will any of them attempt to give any new view, but merely a sketch of the history of the movement without prejudice. I shall have the pleasure, I trust, of sending one by you.

"I receive the *Freeman* regularly, and think that it has improved. It seems to have acquired new energy and spirit. I would gladly sometimes send you an article if I felt that I could do any good. I know that it seems a mean sentiment not to be able to do anything for the Right without the reward of seeing an immediate effect. I do not need such bribes, but it seems to me that there are others better qualified than I. When I am writing a poem (like my last, for example), I feel as if I were in my vocation, and though I never hear of it again (as I may truly say I never wish to), I am satisfied with my result. When I agreed to write for the *Freeman* last winter, I did it with fearful misgivings. I did not like to be paid for it either—though, indeed, I took the money from absolute necessity to maintain us independently, which I could not have done without it, and which I was resolved to do without assistance from home, if it were only on bread and water....Our little Blanche is everything to us. She almost hinders me from doing anything but tend her and look at her. She is said by everybody to be a very fine child. She could hardly fail of it with such a mother....

"Most affectionately your friend, J. R. L."

* * * * * * * * * "ELMWOOD, *April* 16, 1846.

"I know that I am unreasonable to expect you to leave your Maria and the children a minute sooner than is absolutely necessary, but I may take credit to myself for having thus much at least of the child surviving in me—that I often wish for unreasonable things. Indeed, what pleasure is there in the ordinary affairs of life in wishing for anything else? I never think of wishing for my breakfast, but I often wish that you and Miller would drop in to breakfast with me. In this way we get the better of time and space for a little, and can imagine a power of ubiquity in our friends which we should be slow to believe in ourselves. Yet I am sometimes not wholly barren of such a gift, and have often, leaving but a mere shell behind me to counterfeit my presence in Cambridge, walked in at your door, or at No. 3 North Fifth Street, or Friend Parker's, and by the richness and frequency of those spiritual visitations have feigned some plausible excuse to conscience for the poverty of my correspondence. It is true that on these occasions I leave no card, but the unsusceptibility of your own sympathies is to blame if you are witless of my neighborhood. How many a time I have met you coming down Arch Street looking as grave as if you carried the weight of your whole warehouse upon your head, or were thinking of war or of slavery or of prostitution, or, in short, of society as it is, and could never get so much as a glance from you!....How often have I encountered Miller, buttoned up tight in the leader for the next *Freeman* (which, like a drunkard's appetite, has doubled the frequency of the demand), fearing that slavery may be abolished before he gets it finished, and looking for all the world as if he had relapsed into Presbyterianism, and were just striving to put down an impudent doubt as to whether it were a necessary result of the fitness of things that he should be one of the elect? I have brushed by our excellent friend, Charles C. B——, looking like one of the old apostles who had slept in the same room with a Quaker who had gone off in the morning with his companion's appropriate costume, leaving him to accommodate himself as best he might to the straight collar and the single breast of the fugitive. Do not many Quakers go about in an apostolic garb which does not belong to them? Dr. Liddon Pennock has driven by me in his Rockaway without once asking me to go out with him to Holmesburg, and I felt as if I deserved it for not having written him a dozen letters since I left Philadelphia. Friend Parker has never once given me one of her benevolent smiles that make all the poor little friendless children she looks at in the street feel as if they had a mother, though I have walked through Fifth Street between Market and Arch many a Fifth-day morning to meet her on her way to market. As I think over all the slights I have received, I begin to feel like a dreadfully injured person.

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* The stanzas beginning

"Look on who will in apathy, and stifle they who can,
The sympathies, the hopes, the words, that make man truly man."

* At the annual Antislavery Bazar.

† "I had a little daughter,
And she was given to me,
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of His infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine."
—*The Changeling*.

"But I will think of pleasanter matters. You will miss more than you are aware of, I assure you, if you do not spend the night with us, at least, before the steamer leaves. Miss Blanche Lowell in the freshness of her morning spirits, is, in my opinion, a sight well worth a journey from Philadelphia to look upon. Why, she laughs all over. You can see it through her clothes. The very tips of her toes twinkle for joy.* And then there is not a chanticleer in my numerous flock who can compare with her for crowing. She has another grace which I might in modesty omit, but I love truth! She is exceedingly fond of her father. As this is a taste which it is impossible she should have brought from Heaven with her, it is only another melancholy instance how early the corrupting influences of earth begin their work. They plant, as we do, in the spring.

"And that puts me in mind of my horticultural labors. Hitherto I have generally cultivated from my study window, which, you remember, overlooks the garden. But this year I intend to come down two stories lower, and form a closer intimacy with the soil, of which the outer husk of me is one day to form a portion. A life in the country from the day of my birth, and the experience acquired by the transplanting of trees and plants in the pulling up and breaking off method, early taught me the necessity of roots to the well-being of the vegetable creation. This is a lesson which is much more slowly learned by retired citizens who seek the country later in life, and by transplantings, settings out of orchards, and a thousand other expedients, contrive to accomplish an arboreous slaughter entirely without a parallel in the history of the treatment of man by his brother, bloody as it is. Maria has commenced the business with her usual energy. She has procured a spade, a hot-bed, a treatise on gardening, and other instruments of torture, and before autumn, I suspect, will have made a great many widows and orphans, besides defeating the designs of Providence with regard to some myriads of seeds by burying them alive too deep for any hope of illustrating St. Paul's illustration of the resurrection. Weeds that have contrived for years to maintain a squatter's title to a large portion of the territory allotted to flowers are getting ready their *pistils* for a vigorous defence against her threats of ejectment.

"But I must close my rambling letter without having let you into a single item of news or a single secret. I have no doubt you have by this time fulfilled my prophecy, and speak French like a native (American). I myself, when criticised, retreat into the shelter of antiquity, and claim to speak the unadulterated language of ancient Gaul, such as Cassivelaunus and the rest of those respectable Frenchmen in Cæsar's Commentaries puzzled the Romans with. Once in Gallia Narbonensis I am safe. Give our love to all Friends in Philadelphia, and know us always

"As your affectionate friends,
"JAMES AND MARIA."

"ELMWOOD, *January* 8, 1847.

"DEAR EDWARD AND MARIA,—I believe James owes you a letter, but he has been quite busy for the past month or two, or he would have written; at any rate, my *heart* owes you one, and though my unwillingness to write often makes me disregard such debts, yet sometimes I feel that they are too sacred to be neglected, and conquer my indolence. I have had a very good excuse, however, through the summer and a great part of the fall, in an extreme debility that took from me the power of doing anything, but the cold weather has braced me up.

"Little Blanche is creeping around very busily, now and then walking along by the help of chairs, but rather preferring the first way. She is very well, and looks fat and rosy, is very merry and full of fun, and a great comfort and blessing to us all. Next to the comfort of having a baby is the comfort of having a grandfather under the same roof with it. I am sure we have enjoyed Blanche twice as much as we should have done had we been keeping house alone. It is not enough to enjoy our children ourselves, we must have others to sympathize with us, and no one ever can do this so fully as grandparents.

"The fair here went off grandly, as I suppose you have heard. I should think after the country fairs have been held, to which they will send much that was left from this, that they would clear five thousand dollars. The women have been most indefatigable about it, and with Mrs. Chapman to direct them, they could hardly fail; but I suppose the same amount of spirit in New York and Philadelphia would not be supported by public sentiment as it is here, and much of it would be like water scattered on sand. Here there are plenty of people who have just enough antislavery to be willing to buy handsome things at the fair, and spend forty or fifty dollars in New-Year's gifts for their friends. As for us, we are obliged to leave the giving of money to the cause to those who can afford it; but I feel as if James gave something more valuable, although he would like, if he could, to work in both ways.... Philadelphia seems a very long way off to me now. We were in New York this fall.... and while we were there, James proposed going on to Philadelphia to see you all for a day or two, but I felt too miserably to let him go; it would seem as if all the sunshine were gone when he went.† I wonder if you enjoyed his description of the fair as much as I did? I saw Garrison the other day, and he seemed to be especially delighted with it, and the account of Stephen Foster delighted him. Of that and Maria Chapman's he spoke most particularly. Miller made only one error in his copy, and that was '*sweet*' instead of '*swift*' eyes. Mrs. Chapman's eyes are not sweet, but swift expresses exactly their rapid comprehensive glance. James was much pleased with the accuracy of the *Freeman's* proof-reader.... Yours most affectionately,

"MARIA LOWELL."

The Miller alluded to in this and other letters was James Miller McKim, then editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*. He and his wife Sarah were two of the sextet of intimate friends belonging to this Philadelphia episode. The "description of the fair" was a brilliant letter in verse in the plan of Mr. Lowell's regular prose contribution to the *Freeman*, beginning:

"DEAR M.:
"By way of saving time,
I'll do this letter up in rhyme,
Whose slim stream through four pages flows
Ere one is packed with tight-screwed prose.
The great attraction now of all
Is the 'Bazar' at Faneuil Hall,
Where swarm the antislavery folks
As thick, dear Miller, as your jokes.
There's Garrison, his features very
Benign for an incendiary.

* * * * * * * *

And
"There was Maria Chapman too,
With her swift eyes of clear steel blue.

* * * * * * * *

And
"There, with one hand behind his back,
Stands Phillips buttoned in a sack
Our Attic orator, our Chatham.
Old fogies, when he lightens at 'em,
Shrivel like leaves. To him 'tis granted
Always to say the word that's wanted."

And so on, touching up all the elect. Unfortunately it is too long for this article. It was reprinted entire in the recent *Life of William Lloyd Garrison*, by his sons.

After this there follow several business letters of no particular interest, except that they speak of little Blanche as not strong. Her devoted parents are evidently anxious.

"ELMWOOD, *March* 4, 1847.

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"Blanche continues ill. Dear little child! She has learned to say 'papa,' 'mamma,' 'baby,' 'bread,' and several other words. Even now, when it troubles her to have anybody else go near her, if I say 'Do you love papa?' she will say ''Es,' and lift up her little feverish head to kiss me. My dear friend, it is a great thing to have a child! When shall we ever hope to see you again? You will find Elmwood unchanged and glad always to have you within its borders.... Say to Miller that I shall write him another 'letter from Boston' as soon after I get out of a press (in which I now am) as the spirit moves. Tell me how all the children are, and whether Henry remembers 'James Lowell, funny man.' (Signed) J. R. L."

Then comes the terrible blow of death; most touchingly told to his friend in the next brief letter. Again one recalls the lines of the "Changeling,"

"She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away."

"ELMWOOD, *March* 10, 1847.

"MY DEAR EDWARD,—Little did I think when I wrote my last letter to you, with our darling sitting beside me in her chair, that I should write so soon to tell you of our bereavement. She left us this (Wednesday) morning at 12¼ o'clock.

"I know how much you will sympathize with us.

"Many loved her, that never saw her, for the sake of her father and mother. Will you tell our friends in Philadelphia?

"God bless you and yours.
"Yours lovingly, J. R. L."

"I seal with black wax, in order to give you warning before you open the letter."

The letters that follow this crushing grief are few and far between. In one, Mr. Lowell says, "I do not like to write to those I love oftener upon business than I can well avoid, and Blanche constantly reminds me that the less regard one pays to such matters the better."

In another, dated January 13, 1850, enclosing a letter introducing Fredrika Bremer, he says:

"Do not think I remember you the less because you do not hear from me. Just as you like to leave your business behind when you go home, I like to get rid of my pen....

"Believe me ever most affectionately,
"Your friend,
"J. R. L."

Notwithstanding these assurances of cordiality, time and distance were doing their inevitable work. The kindest feeling still remained on both sides, but the expression of it grew less and less imperative. One more letter, mainly upon spiritualism, closes such of the correspondence as has been preserved.

"ELMWOOD, *January* 24, 1850.

* * * * * * * *

"I am much obliged to you for the letter of O. J. which you sent, though, as for the 'knockings,' I have no manner of faith in them. I do not believe that men are to be thumped into a conception of the spiritual world, or that O. J.'s father, if he had anything to say to his son, would take such a roundabout way as that of going to Mrs. Fish or Miss Fox. Moreover, when the spirits can say what they please to these two women, why do they not use them as spokeswomen, instead of using so clumsy a shift as 'calling for the alphabet,' and then rapping their news? My dear Edward, if the spirits are so wise that they can foretell the future (as in O.J.'s case), why are they so stupid in their contrivances for making themselves intelligible? Depend upon it, there is no *more* humbug in the spiritual world than in this. It would be a parallel case if I, who am able to write you my thoughts plainly and directly, should adopt some system of cryptography and gave you the key of it, so that you would be half a day in making out what need have taken only ten minutes. And this would be still more ridiculous if I had only some such fact to communicate as that my coat was brown, or that I ate an egg with my breakfast. I have seen persons who could make a 'mysterious knocking' by snapping one of their joints in and out. I think we may be sure of this that God never takes needless trouble. It is only foolish little men that are fond of mysteries and fusses. Then, why should a spirit know anything about the future?

"I have only time to write a few suggestions. These 'spirits' tell us, it seems, what we already know, nothing else. As for Elias Hicks and George Fox and St. Paul, I could tell O. J. such a story as that without any trouble, and throw him a few more saints to boot....

"Most affectionately, J. R. L."

Not long after this, but I do not know just when, Mr. and Mrs. Lowell carried out their cherished project of going to Italy; but it was too late for even those genial skies to save the sweet and gifted Maria Lowell. In the autumn of 1852 my parents again met her and her husband in Paris. They were staying in the same hotel, and all met accidentally one day in the corridor. It was a renewal of old-time tenderness, and was the last meeting of the four friends. Mrs. Lowell was on her way home to America, much broken in health, but assuring herself that she should one day return to Italy, made doubly dear to her as the last resting-place of one of their children. This hope was never fulfilled; she died in the autumn of 1853, and with her slowly faded out all but the memory of this Philadelphia episode.

THE DIET KITCHEN EXPERIMENT.

THE establishment of the New England Kitchen in Boston two years ago was both a moral and an economic reform. It sought, first, to provide food prepared in obedience to the latest discoveries of science, and, second, to inspire a curiosity to know how to make the food, and to instruct free of charge any inquiring mind. By the generosity of Mr. Theodore Havemeyer, the promoters of this movement were enabled to open another kitchen in New York, in a new brick block on the corner of Hudson and Charlton streets. This is by no means one of the most forbidding parts of the city, but is in the centre of a large district of laboring people, who have little knowledge of the art and science of cookery. The location has therefore the merit of being safe and respectable. Were not the name of the place announced in conspicuous letters on the windows, one might be puzzled to know what it is. To those that never heard of a New England Diet Kitchen it would be altogether a mystery. A peep through the door reveals an entire absence of the machinery of all known institutions for meeting the wants of man.

The room is deep and narrow, with a lofty ceiling. On the left there is a desk, at which sits a young woman engaged in writing or answering the questions of some inquisitive visitor. To the right stands a long high table, on which is a pair of scales, and behind it rows of dark blue plates find a place on the three or four shelves. Here and there on the walls hang mysterious charts, marked with bars in various colors. At one side piles of blocks in similar colors invite an explanation. Further back, on a steam-table, are several covered kettles of granite-ware filled with soups, stews, and broths kept at a temperature that not only makes them comforting to the stomach, but forbids the existence of bacteria.

Beyond this table is a screen separating the commercial from the scientific and mechanical part of the kitchen. In the latter are large iron boilers heated by steam for making soups and cooking vegetables. For baking bread and puddings four famous ovens are doing beneficent service. An immense gas stove, with six griddles, furnishes further heat for other kinds of cookery. Bins and enclosed shelves hold the cereals, spices, raisins, and the other things needful to the cook in plying her skill. Finally, over the face of all there is a brisk look of cleanliness that must have been a revelation to some of the occupants of dirty blocks not far away. The kitchen is not yet a self-sustaining institution; but it is growing in favor, and patronage is constantly increasing.

Miss M. B. Gould, the manager, is an enthusiast in her work, and neglects no opportunity to spread the gospel of good cookery. But it must be said that thus far not many have sought the instruction that she gives so gladly. It must be said, too, that she has not succeeded in interesting, as she hoped, a class that she much desires to reach.

But few working men and women entering the kitchen have the time to take a lesson in dietary science. Nevertheless some of them do take the time; they attempt to grasp, and most of them do grasp, the significance of the facts that Mrs. Richards, the author of the charts, has condensed and explained in a graphic way. By looking at the chart "The average Composition of some of the common Foods," one can learn which are the most nutritious or the most heating. Bars in colors or in plain white lines or squares show by different lengths the amount of proteids, or strengthening elements, the amount of fats and sugars, or heat-giving elements, and the amounts of water, starch, and ash in each of the foods named on the margin. Apples head the list with the smallest quantity of proteids; they are made up largely of water. Butter and bacon rank first in the possession of fats. Dried cod takes a like rank in the possession of proteids. Then come cheese, pease, fowl, beans, tripe, bluefish, mackerel, beef, ham, oatmeal, corn meal, eggs, wheat, Boston crackers, clams, rice, rye-bread, bacon, potatoes, and cabbage. When one has become familiar with the chart, he can tell at a glance what foods are best to keep him warm, what are best to keep him cool, and what are best to keep him strong.

The chart entitled "Food Material for 25 Cents" is a practical application of the facts in the first. It shows that oysters are very expensive. They contain but little nutriment, mixed with a vast deal of water. Beef sirloin hardly makes a better showing. Fresh cod is expensive, too. The pound of nutriment in a little over 6 pounds of milk costs 25 cents. In the little more than 13 pounds of potatoes to be had for the same sum there are 3 pounds of nutriment. Indian meal, wheat flour, oatmeal, and beans furnish nutriment in a much larger proportion. In 8⅓ pounds of Indian meal to be had for 25 cents there are nearly 7 pounds of nutriment; in 5½ pounds of wheat flour, 4⅞ pounds of nutriment; in 5 pounds of oatmeal, 4½ pounds of nutriment; in 5 pounds of beans, 4 pounds of nutriment. Salt pork, cheese, and butter also contain a large proportion of nutriment.

From another chart, "Some mixed Foods approximating standard Ration," it appears that ham and bacon are the most expensive, a ration of these costing 48 cents. Macaroni and cheese cost 38 cents, and ham and corn-bread, 26. Bread and butter are the cheapest, costing only 11 cents. Then follow bacon and hoe-cake, 14½ cents; brown bread and pork and beans, 16 cents; and wheat bread and cheese, 18 cents. At the same time the chart discloses the amount of each food needed for a ration, and the amount of starch, fat, etc., that the consumer will get in each ration.

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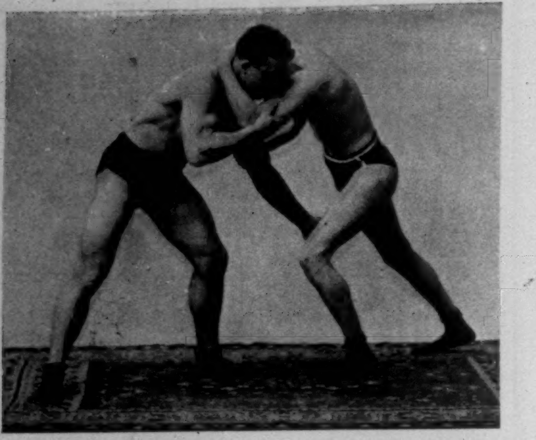
* A year later he wrote in the anguish of loss the little poem "The Changeling," two verses of which seem to echo the happiness in this letter:

"To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me!"

† See her exquisite sonnets to her husband.



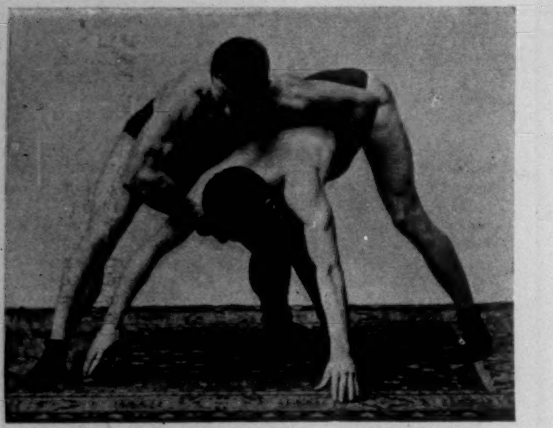
1.—TRYING FOR A HOLD.

WRESTLING.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

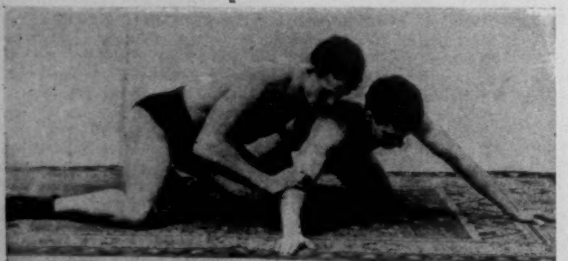
HOW true it is that those things with which we have had the earliest intimacy we most frequently ignore! Surely "familiarity breeds contempt."

We who as school-boys passed scarcely a day at play without a wrestling bout must needs now stand aside, and watch in open-eyed wonder the skill of our own youngsters, who reveal possibilities of the sport which we in our youthful vanity believed we had sounded to its utmost development. Wrestling is as old as the proverbial hills. It was a contemporary of foot-racing in the recreations of earliest man, and is traced without much difficulty back to the days of the apostles. It is probably because of its age, simplicity of equipment, and natural use of strength that it has failed to receive the consideration of other and more elaborated games of skill. There have always been a (comparatively) few enthusiasts the world over that have kept awake the interest in wrestling, and steadily advanced its standard of skill.

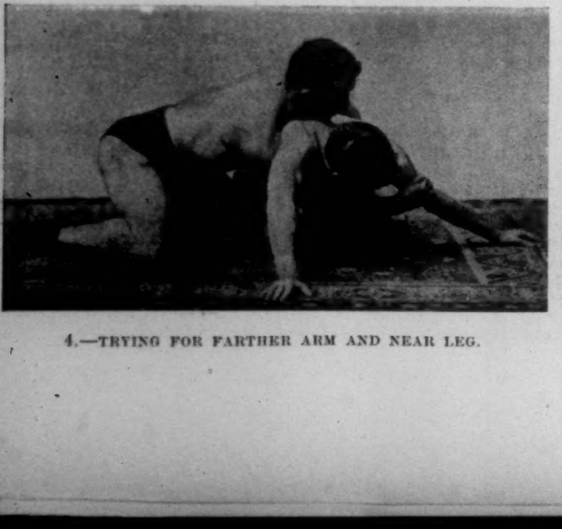


2.—BRINGING HIM DOWN—ARM AND BODY HOLD.

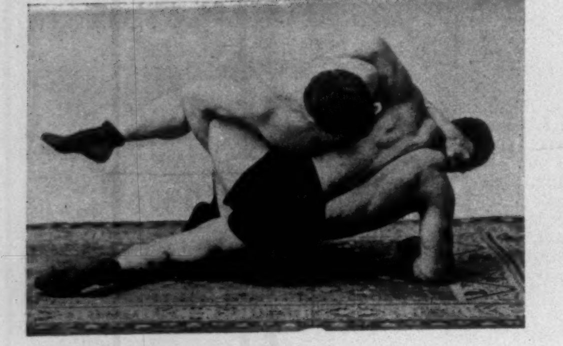
Had wrestling required intricate machinery for its expansion, and extraordinary outlay in paraphernalia, there is no doubt it would long since have become as widely known and generally enjoyed as some other games of infinitely less pleasure and benefit. The fact of the matter is, wrestling has seemed too common an acquirement for us. We remember as boys that in nearly every game we played, whether "prisoner's base" or "hare and hounds," the end was the invariable signal for a series of impromptu wrestling bouts, which we looked upon as more the ebullition of our animal spirits than any test of skill in wrestling. We have struggled over the play-ground trying to bring one another down, rolled about on the dry grass, filling one another's collars with dead leaves, etc., but never dreamed of taking up the art seriously as a sport.



3.—ON HANDS AND KNEES—A SAFE POSITION.

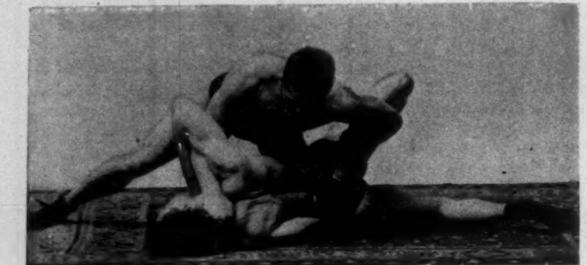


4.—TRYING FOR FARTHER ARM AND NEAR LEG.

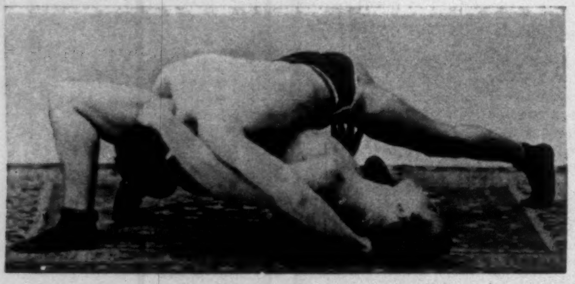


5.—HALF NELSON AND LEG—TURNING HIM OVER.

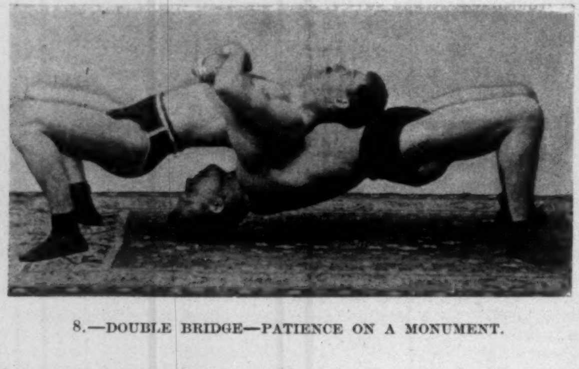
It has remained for us in this country to grow gradually to an appreciation of the game, and only in the last few years have we begun its earnest study. We Americans have been slower to grasp the benefits of this magnificent sport than our English cousins, because we have not been in such an atmosphere of its constant indulgence. There has been professional wrestling, and plenty of it, on the British Isles time out of mind, and it has naturally stimulated the sport among amateurs. Indeed, old newspaper accounts of the professional wrestling bouts in England read like our own football crowds of to-day. In this country, until comparatively late years, we have had no great amount of professional wrestling; in truth, we have very little of it even to-day, but this is due to the decadence of professional contests of all kinds, and not to wrestling. Among American professionals, however, there stand out a few who are marvellously good—notably Muldoon and Hugh Leonard, a pupil of his school, who, at their respective weights, are probably two of the most skilful men in the universe. I pay this tribute to these professionals, because not only does their individual skill stand out pre-eminent, but it has been under their instruction that a very great many of our amateurs have acquired the first and best principles of wrestling. These two, together with Dr. Shell, of Swarthmore College, and Mr. Nelligan, of Cornell, have done much to bring wrestling in America up to its present standard.



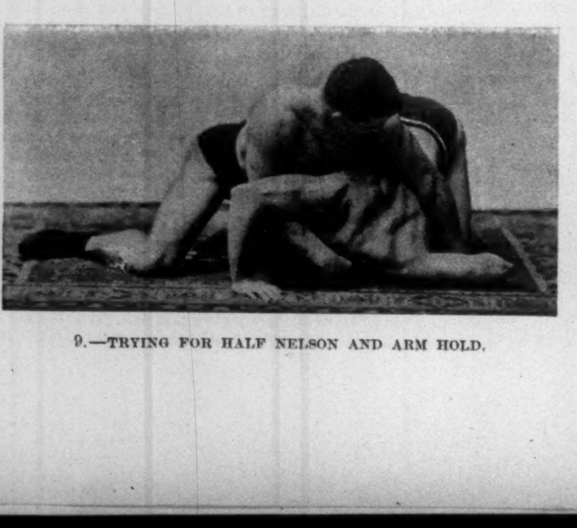
6.—HALF NELSON AND LEG HOLD—ALMOST PERSUADED.



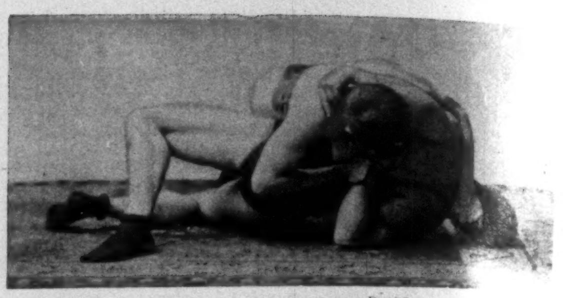
7.—HALF NELSON AND CROTCH HOLD—"BRIDGED."



8.—DOUBLE BRIDGE—PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT.

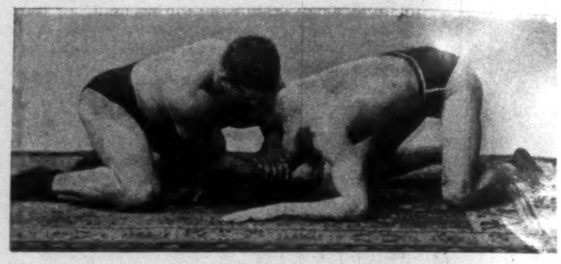


9.—TRYING FOR HALF NELSON AND ARM HOLD.

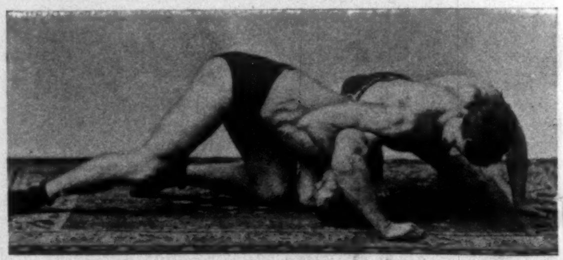


10.—BACK-HAMMER LOCK AND HALF NELSON—A CERTAI

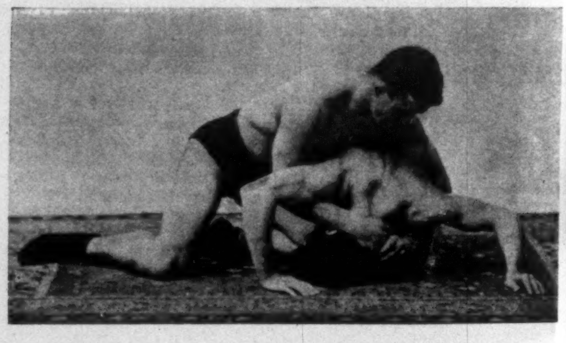
In this country there are three distinctive styles of wrestling—Catch-as-Catch-Can, Græco-Roman, and Collar and Elbow. Probably it will be as well to touch on the styles abroad for a few lines, in order to give a better understanding of just where we stand. The two most popular styles in England, which is really the wrestling centre, are the Cumberland and Westmoreland—the Northern school—and the Cornish and Devonshire. They are very dissimilar in both manœuvre and costume. In the former the contestants dress in tights, with trunks and stockings; and though the variety of their holds is not extensive, they are very effective, and form actually the basis of all wrestling. The position of the wrestlers in this style is an odd one to us: the men stand up chest to chest, each placing his chin on the other's right shoulder, grasping him round the body with both arms, each with the left above the right of his antagonist. When the men have secured their hold and are fairly on guard, the play begins, and



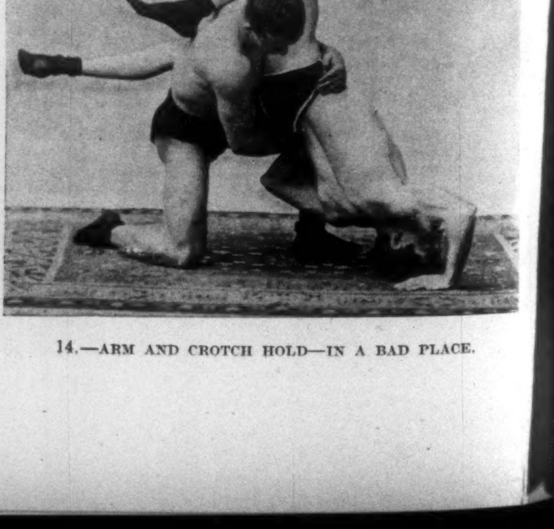
11.—QUARTER NELSON—NOT PICTURESQUE BUT EFFECTIVE—HOLD BROKEN BY HEAD SPIN.



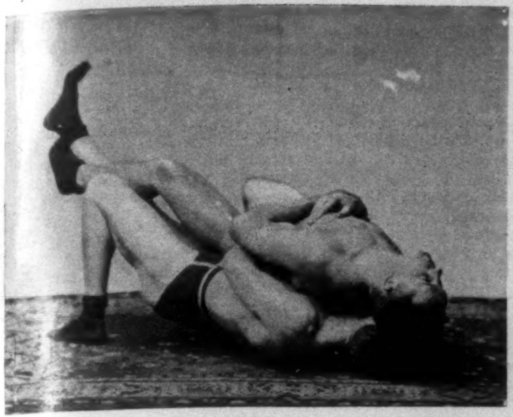
12.—FARTHER HALF NELSON AND KNEE UNDER ARM.



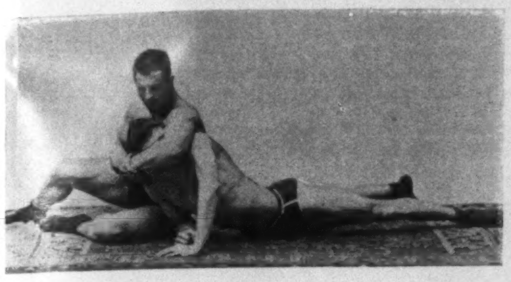
13.—FULL OR DOUBLE NELSON—BARRED IN AMATEUR CONTESTS.



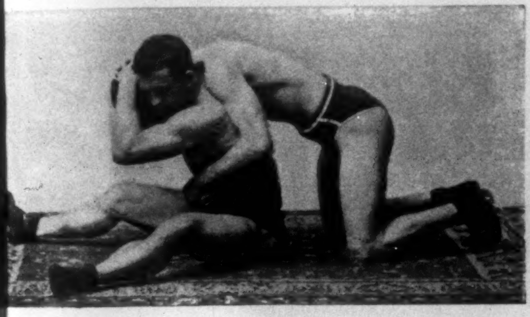
14.—ARM AND CROTCH HOLD—IN A BAD PLACE.



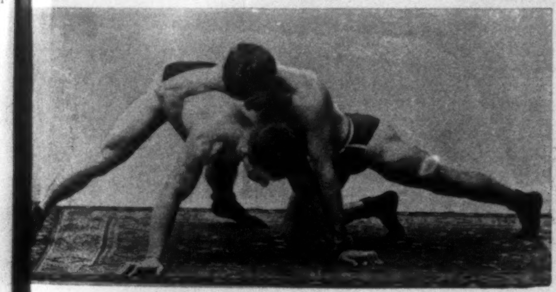
15.—SIDE ROLL TO A "FALL."



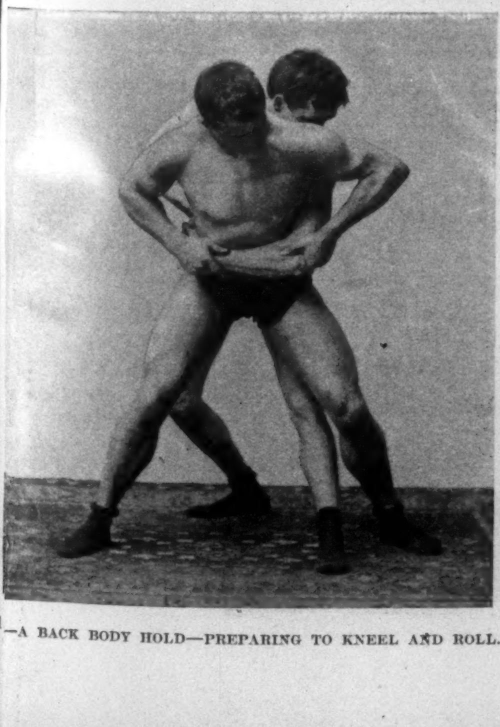
16.—HEAD LOCK—BRINGING HIM UP ON HIS HANDS.



17.—IN CHANCERY—NOT SO RESTFUL AS IT LOOKS.

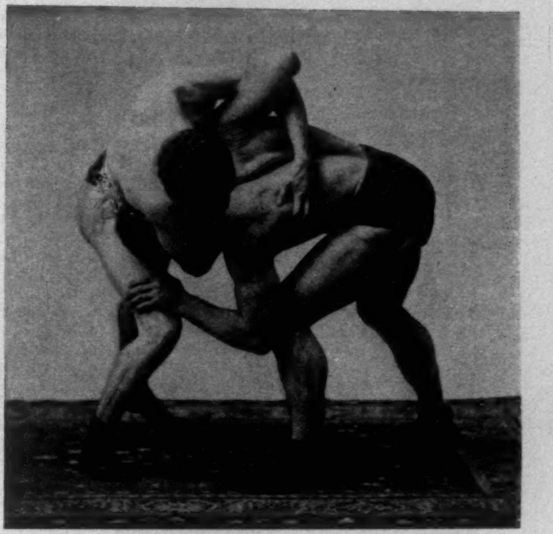


18.—TRYING TO GET ON HIS FEET.

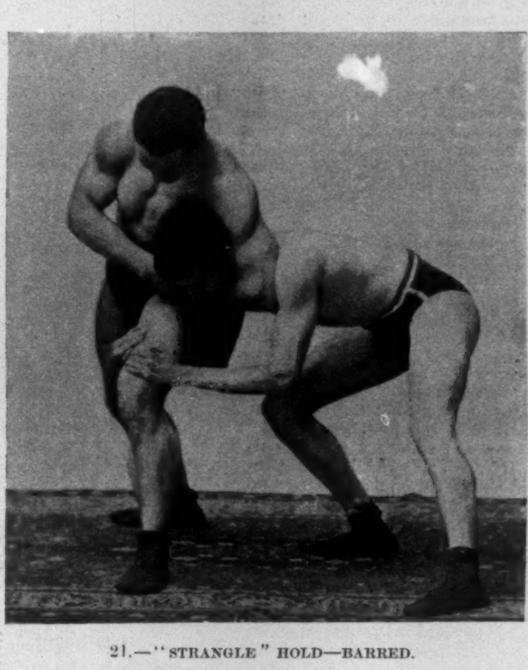


1—A BACK BODY HOLD—PREPARING TO KNEEL AND ROLL.

ith the exception of kicking, every device may be employed to row the other. A "fall" is called when any portion of the body either—the foot, of course, excepted—touches the ground. A all" is also called on the one who looses his hold, though he is thrown. If both fall to the ground, the one first down or s under shall be the loser. This style is very popular in these nties, and a contest creates as much enthusiasm as it did a tury ago. The Cornish and Devonshire style is somewhat like our Collar and Elbow, a fall being three points—two hips and a shoulder, or two shoulders and a hip. In the latter a harness is worn, which provides for a secure hold, while in the former it is a strong linen jacket, which hangs on the wearer very loosely as far down as the hips, and is tied in front by two strings. The idea of the jacket hanging as loosely as possible on the wearer is so as not to give the opponent an opportunity for a firm hold. In both styles the contestants depend very largely on the skilful use of their legs in tripping, etc. Formerly, the Devonshire wrestler had the extra privilege of kicking, and as his shoes were of baked leather, the soles re enforced by a piece of sheet-iron, it may be assumed the shins of his unfortunate adversary were frequently pretty thoroughly sliced. This style was prevalent only during the early days of wrestling, when the brute nature of man had not undergone the refining influences of civilization.

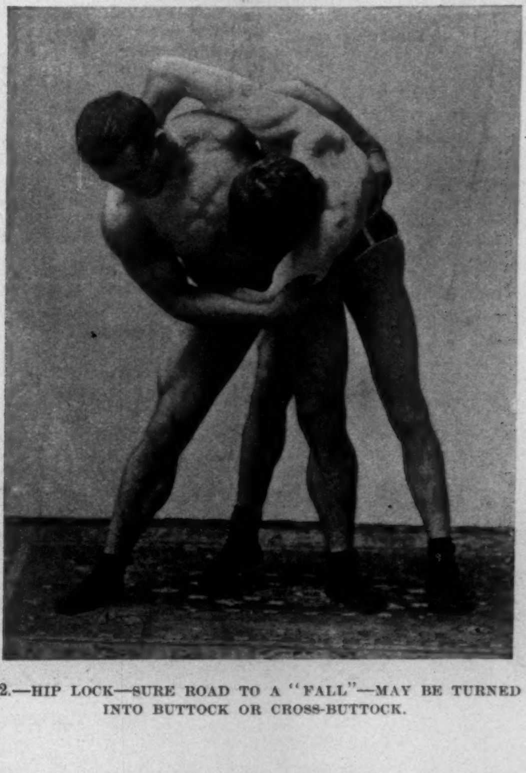


20.—NECK AND ARM HOLD—A "TWISTER"—ABOUT TO TURN HIM OVER.

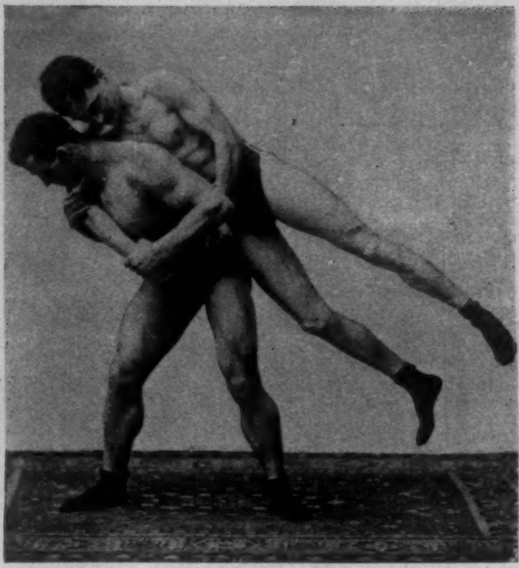


21.—"STRANGLE" HOLD—BARRED.

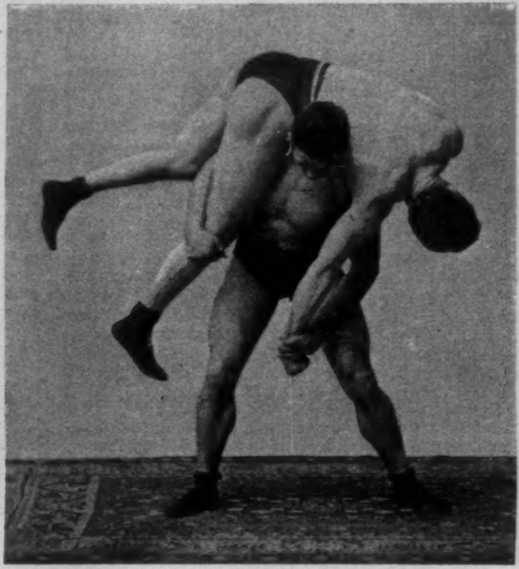
The other style prevailing in England is the Lancashire, which is practically the Catch-as-Catch-Can hold, and has steadily grown in favor since its introduction, despite the widely distributed criticisms of some of the old-timers, who see nothing good outside of their own chosen styles.



22.—HIP LOCK—SURE ROAD TO A "FALL"—MAY BE TURNED INTO BUTTOCK OR CROSS-BUTTOCK.

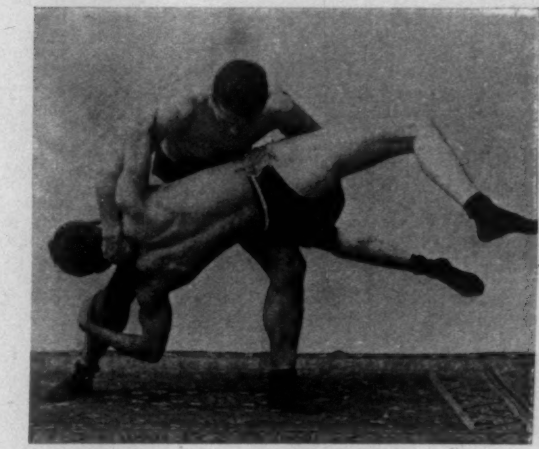


23.—A FLYING "MERE," OR FALL.

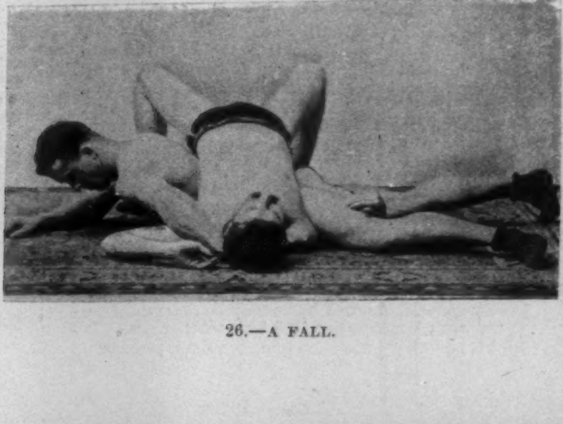


24.—ELEVATED—LEG AND ARM HOLD.

In France a style is prevalent similar to the Græco-Roman; indeed, it is sometimes so called. It permits of no hold below the waist, and prohibits tripping, back heeling, and as one must always face one's opponent, neither the buttock nor cross-buttock can be used. Strange to say, this is the same style that has been adopted in Germany; but neither country has produced any wrestlers or



25.—HALF NELSON AND CROTCH HOLD—NO HELP FOR HIM.



26.—A FALL.

school of wrestling that have made an especial impression on the athletic world.

In Scotland the Cumberland and Westmoreland style is followed in the border counties, but in the north the Lancashire has the greater number of adherents.

In Japan wrestling holds the highest position of all athletic games, and, what is more, it has held such a position as far back as Japanese history takes us. Contests are affairs of more or less popular importance, and invariably create the greatest excitement among the spectators. The style is something on the Catch-as-Catch-Can order, and that the Japs become remarkably skilful is easily attested by all those who saw Matsada Sarakichi during his tour of this country. He was a small man, but his agility and science baffled many a wrestler much stronger.

But it is to the amateur and the Catch-as-Catch-Can style that we come finally for the highest development of wrestling. I have touched upon the other styles and the professional in order to give those who have little knowledge on the subject some idea of where we have obtained our present form, and to whom we are indebted.

There are no two opinions on the superiority of the Catch-as-Catch-Can style—superiority as a means of exercise, and superiority as a means of defence. To begin with, it is the most natural style of wrestling and of using one's strength, because it permits of any hold, and contestants are at liberty to exercise all means to bring the opponent down, as they would in an actual struggle. On the Continent no hold lower than the waist is allowed, but here in amateur contests one may catch hold wherever he can, the only restrictions being the full nelson, and the strangle hold, which was first brought into prominence by the professional Evan Lewis, who, because of his fondness for the deadly grasp, was nicknamed "The Strangler." It is never permitted in amateur matches, is barred in most professional ones, and should be in all, for once it is attained, there is no especial skill required; merely a continued exhibition of brute strength, for once one is caught and firmly held, the rest of the performance is simply choking him into acknowledgment of defeat or insensibility.

Before going further, I must say a few words on wrestling as a means of defence. The average man at all familiar with the sport hardly looks upon it in this light; to him it is a means of exercise; he has never thought of it as a weapon. Such it is, however, and a most serviceable one on occasion. There are a number of "holds," like the buttock, cross buttock, back heel, and strangle, which one may use in an emergency, such as being attacked by one or more ruffians, with satisfaction to one's self, and discomfiture, if nothing more serious, to one's adversary. If to the knowledge of wrestling there is added something on boxing, the combination makes an opponent for whom a considerable degree of respect is highly appropriate.

It should always be remembered by those who go in for any of the athletic arts as a means of protection in case of need, that when one is set on in the street, or other place where the contest is not likely to be governed by any recognized code of rules, there is likely to be a rush and a clinch. You may be able to keep your opponent off by well-directed blows, but a clinch is pretty apt to follow sooner or later, and nine times out of ten it comes sooner than later. It is at such a moment that one's wrestling knowledge is of inestimable value, a back heel, a cross buttock, a flying mere, or, if need be, a strangle hold, has a remarkably quieting effect on the hoodlum.

But all this is incidental to the magnificent benefits of the sport, and I have merely touched on them as a hint to those who may be so unfortunately placed some day as to find their practice necessary. As an exercise, as a tissue-making, blood-stirring sport, there is nothing in-doors to equal wrestling. It stretches every muscle, it builds up flat chests, strengthens unsteady legs and soft arms; and gives one coolness, determination, and quickness. The qualities necessary in football, and that make it so desirable for the training of the boy—patience, judgment, strength tempered by cool direction—are the same essentials to the successful wrestler.

It is impossible for me in the space of this article to go into the detail of different holds. The groups herewith produced comprise the essential ones of the Catch-as-Catch-Can style, and show the infinite variety and the strategy and strength one may exercise in this muscle-hardening sport.

There are some English writers on the subject so wedded to their own Cumberland and Westmoreland style, and so prejudiced against all others, that they have lost no opportunity of denouncing the catch-hold style in the strongest terms. Unquestionably, with unprincipled men as opponents, a weak-minded referee, and no holds barred, a Catch-as-Catch-Can bout may become a brutal and very serious affair. The same may be said of any contest where the principals are determined on evading the rules, and doing one another as much damage as possible. But we have nothing to do in this country with the class from which the British wrestling critics gather their data. Our wrestling is chiefly among amateurs, and we find our rules and an observing referee quite equal to the emergency of an occasional contestant bent on doing mischief.

It hardly speaks well for one's intelligent observation or reading to argue against the Catch-as-Catch-Can style. Its very antiquity (for the group in the Uffizi gallery certainly shows the catch-hold style, with the uppermost man trying the back-hammer lock) stamps it as tried and not found wanting. And a close study of the other styles will show that as followed to-day it virtually comprises all the others, and includes the best part of each one of them.

There is no game of skill to which the old saw, "Practice makes perfect," applies more closely than to wrestling. One can have no idea, without practical experience, of the tremendous advantage trained skill has over mere strength, provided, of course, the disparity in weight is not too great. One would hardly expect a man, no matter how skilful, to put on his back an opponent weighing upwards of 100 pounds more than himself, and yet several weeks ago Hugh Leonard, the wrestling instructor of the Manhattan Athletic Club, who weighs, I believe, about 160 pounds, put Miller, "the strong man," who weighs something like 225, on his back twice in a very few moments. This, however, is an exceptional case, for wrestlers as expert as Leonard—who, by-the-way, is the heavier of the two men in the illustrations to this article—are not found every day. The average man must be content with attaining a much less degree of skill, but he will be astonished, when he has advanced somewhat, to realize what strength he has developed, and how easily he will handle men many pounds heavier than himself.

To become an expert, one ought to begin comparatively young; but I should advise parents to be very careful in the choice of an instructor for their boys. Wrestling is by no means an easy game, and much harm may be done the growing lad if his work is not supervised by a teacher who combines with his technical lessons an intelligent comprehension of the pupil's physique. On the other hand, no exercise is better calculated to build up and fill out a frail physical structure.

To the student of wrestling a careful investigation of the Cumberland and Westmoreland, Cornish and Devonshire, styles will be of great service in completing an all-round knowledge that will, with due practice, make him a very formidable opponent. It is one thing to have a theoretical knowledge of the different grips, holds, etc., but quite another to apply them at just the proper moment. To wrestle always with the same man, even if he is the instructor, is apt to limit one's range of action; and the secret of success in wrestling particularly is to keep your opponent busy wondering what you are going to do next, and to deceive him as to your intentions as much as possible.

I do not agree with the method which advises men to get down on all fours at the earliest opportunity. It is well for beginners whose muscles are not yet trained to sustain the severest work, but when they have become hardened up, they should be taught to wrestle on their feet, and not to go down unless some advantage is to be gained by so doing. I emphasize this admonition because I notice the tendency among nine men out of ten is to go down almost immediately they come together. The advantages of doing considerable work on your feet are twofold. In the first place, it is a wonderful developer of strength, and gives great steadiness to the body; in the second place, it is of the most practical benefit. If you were called upon to put your knowledge of wrestling into service against attack—I refer to outside of the gymnasium—you would find the ability to stand upon your feet of inestimable value, whereas had you been one of those who confine their efforts to work on the mat, chances are good your wrestling would lose most of its effectiveness.

Most amateurs, on the call of "time," hop about one another like a couple of bantam roosters, trying to secure a wrist hold, and immediately they have it, down they go, with scarcely an effort to follow up the advantage. The fact is very few men attempt to stay on their feet; most of them come together with the idea of getting down on the mat as soon as possible, and that the real work of the bout does not begin until they do. A man must be more or less expert to do any wrestling on his feet, but when he is, he should try for the head hold (shown in its incipient form in Cut 1), and make an effort to back heel his man, which is done by jerking him forward, and as he steps in with his right leg, put your left behind it on the outside and bend him over backwards; if you are strong enough, he is bound to go. A still better hold for this back-heeling, but a more difficult one to secure, is an under-body hold, and if you are successful and active, you are certain to throw your man.

Back-heeling, however, is not easy, and unless you are wide awake, your opponent is likely to turn the tables on you, and throw you with a hip lock (Cut 22), which may readily be turned into a buttock or cross buttock, or, about as bad, send you flying over his shoulder (Cut 23) by a flying mere, which is secured by getting your shoulder under the opponent's arm, and with your other hand catching his arm at elbow to hold him firm; then you straighten up and heave coming down on your right knee quickly, to keep him from bridging should his shoulders not touch in the first instance.

Two other very valuable—probably the most valuable—holds to be secured in wrestling on your feet are the cross buttock and buttock. They are both hard to get on a good man, and require utmost skill in execution; one cannot afford to bungle them. For the first, turning your left side to your opponent, get your hip partially underneath and in front of him, and then with your arms held tightly around his neck and shoulder, quick as lightning cross both his legs by your left, and lift him and bring him down; you will go also, but he will be below. If you bungle in the slightest when attempting to cross his legs, your position will be most hazardous. The buttock is a more serious matter, and a hold I should commend to all those who have to deal with an attacking hoodlum, the only disagreeable feature being the necessity of getting so close to him. It is begun like the cross buttock, except you get your hip farther under your man, and then bending over, with a powerful jerk on your arm about his neck, you shoot him into the air and over your back. It requires quickness and some strength, and, of course, the ginger you would exercise on the predatory hoodlum need not be exercised in the gym. Cut 19 shows danger of a false move in getting a body hold. The back man here has attempted to secure an under hold, but before he could put his plan into execution, his opponent has pinned his arm, and is just preparing to go down on his left knee, and roll the back man over to a "fall." Once on the mat, the variety of half nelson with either arm or leg holds is almost unending. The first principle to observe always when down on hands and knees is to keep your arms spread well apart (Cut 3), to prevent your opponent getting a farther arm and near leg hold (Cut 4); the next, or really it should be the first, for there is hardly any escape if your adversary is skilful, is to keep him from securing a half nelson and back-hammer, as he is trying to do in Cut 9, and has succeeded in doing in Cut 10. A hold of this kind means a certain fall. Another principle to observe is to keep your head well back, so that in case you are called on to spin out of a quarter or a half nelson (Cuts 11 and 12), you will be able to bridge (Cut 7). The double bridge is rarely seen, especially among skilful performers.

One of the most eagerly sought-for holds among wrestlers is the half nelson and crotch hold (Cut 25); when this is secured, the lucky man rises to his feet, and, stepping forward, falls on the prostrate foe to keep him from forming a bridge, such as he might do (Cut 7 and also in Cut 14 with arm hold) if he were not sat on, so to speak. This crotch hold is a dangerous one, as it offers much variety in the holding, and all equally disastrous, whether by the thigh or foot as in Cut 6. If your adversary is inclined to dig his toes and burrow his nose into the mat despite your gentle efforts to arouse him, you may bring him up on his hands and knees by the effective means shown in Cut 16; or you may play on his lowliness of spirit and elevate him (Cut 24) to the highest position in your power, from whence you may bring him down to a certain "fall" by a leg and arm hold.

Bear in mind always to watch for an opening—practice will teach you to divine your opponent's intentions by his movements—always seek an opportunity to get away, for you are at a disadvantage when underneath. Shake hands with your opponent when you begin and end a bout, and don't resort to tricks that belong to the river dives. Be a sportsman always, and be courteous; it's a cheap investment, and draws compound interest.

REPAYMENT.

Beneath the elm-trees' arching shade,
As gayly as the flowers arrayed,
A little maid was straying.
A boy, outside this paradise,
Looked in with longing, hungry eyes,
As if to join her playing.

At length she saw his earnest gaze,
While springing down the grassy ways.
"Poor boy, so sad and lonely,
Take this," she whispered, low and meek,
With lips close pressed against his cheek,
"For I have kisses only."

Years passed away. The child of eight
Became a maiden tall, sedate,
With lovers in a plenty.
Again she in the garden stood;
Beside her, in a happy mood,
Lingered a youth of twenty.

"Dear May," he said, with solemn face,
"I trust myself to your kind grace,
And humbly crave your pardon.
I must return without delay
A gift that you bestowed one day
On me in this same garden.

"I've treasured it for many years,
My ray of hope 'mid doubts and fears;
I hope you never missed it."
She turned her face in mute surprise
To his; the rogue with smiling eyes
Bent down and kissed it.

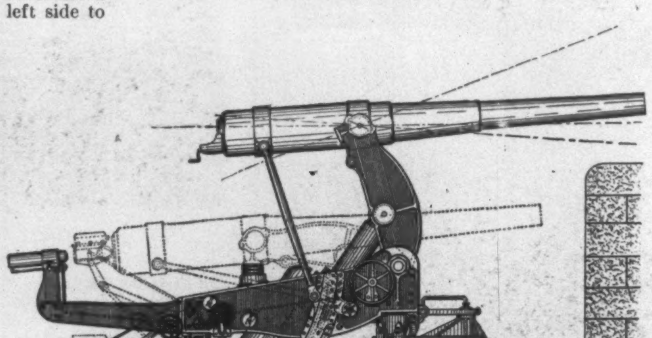
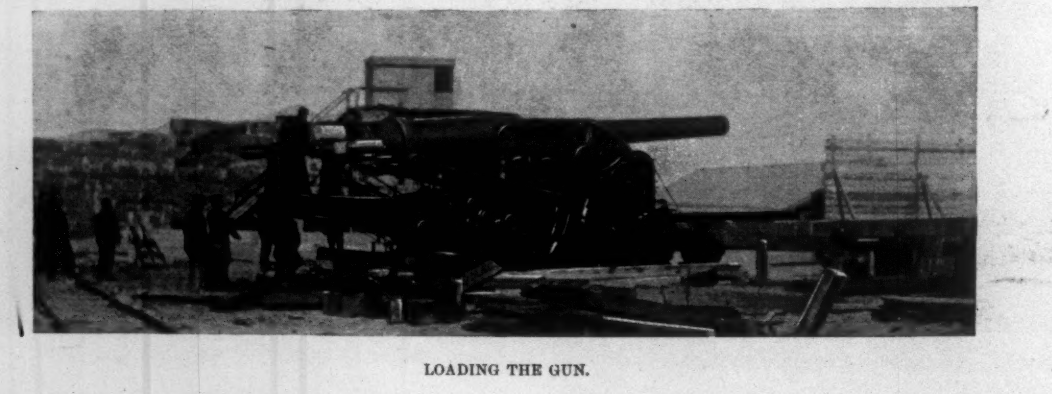


DIAGRAM SHOWING MECHANISM OF THE CARRIAGE.

THE DISAPPEARING GUN-CARRIAGE.

The disappearing gun-carriage now undergoing test at the Army Ordnance Proving-grounds at Sandy Hook forms one of the most ingenious contrivances connected with modern ordnance. Upon this carriage is mounted one of the new army 10-inch breech-loading rifles, weighing 28 tons, and having a length of 29 feet. Sixteen rounds have been fired from the gun while mounted upon this carriage. The service charge is 250 pounds of powder—which is divided into two sacks for convenience in loading—and a 575-pound shot. With the service charge of powder, the shot is thrown over nine miles. The recoil of the gun is naturally tremendous. It is estimated that it takes more force to stop the "kick" of this gun in eight feet (as is done with the dis-

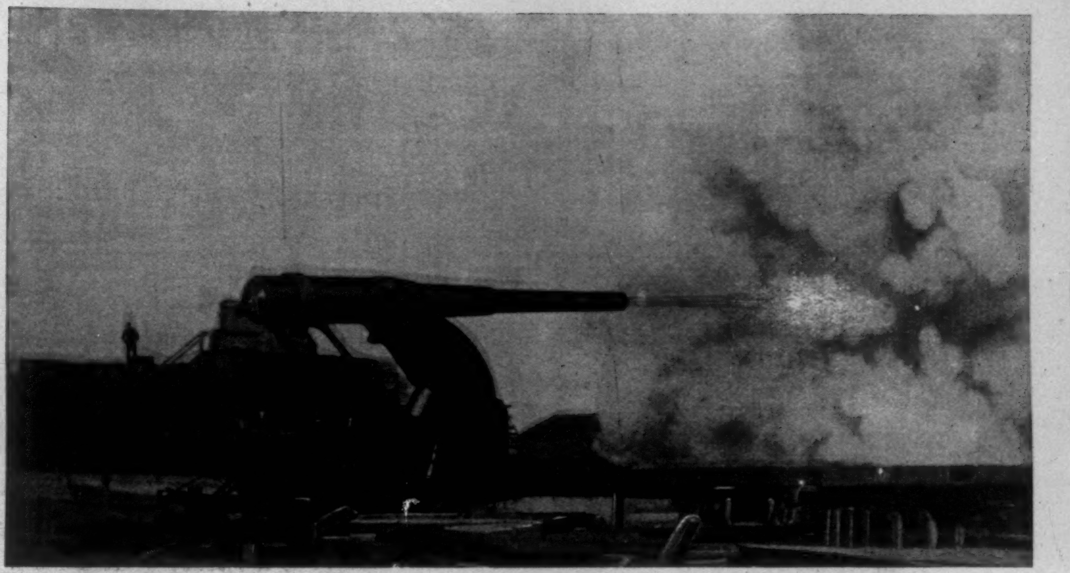


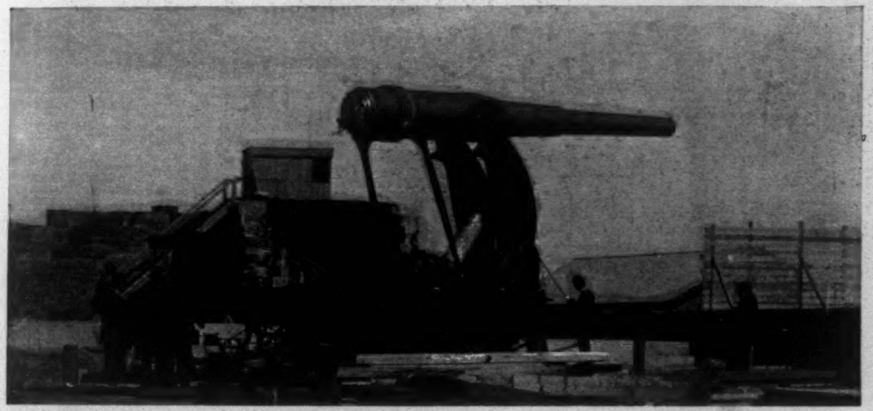
LOADING THE GUN.

appearing carriage) than it would to stop three locomotives coupled together travelling 60 miles an hour in the same space. As the shot leaves the muzzle, it is moving at the rate of 1900 feet per second.

With the disappearing mounting, the gun is mounted between the upper ends of two powerful arms. These arms are connected near their lower ends, and to the connecting bar is attached a piston working in a cylinder located in a protected position in the lower part of the carriage. Ammunition is placed in a loading-cradle, which is moved upwards until it is in line with the telescopic rammer, when the rammer expands "from within itself," and rams into the gun first the shot and then the two sacks of powder, all of these movements being performed through the medium of pneumatic power by one man operating a couple of hand-wheels. The breech-block is closed, and the electric primer inserted. To this primer is connected a wire running from the breech of the gun to the bomb-proof, permitting the gun to be fired from a protected position by the pressure of an electric button. The gun is now ready to be raised into the firing position. To accomplish this, air under pressure is let into the cylinder, and this force, applied to the piston, raises it, and also the arms which carry the gun. The gun moves steadily upward, and arrives in position above an imaginary parapet. The piece is sighted by an officer from a ladder, although in service this operation will be accomplished by an arrangement of mirrors.

The sight having been obtained by the raising or lowering of the breech of the gun by the movement of the rods attached thereto, and a final search having been made to avoid hitting passing vessels, everything is in readiness for firing. The command, "Cover!" is given, and there is a general scampering for shelter behind the masonry of the obsolete fortifications. "Ready!" and everybody stops his ears. "Fire!" There is a dull roar and a rumble. The shot strikes about two miles out, splashes the water a great distance in the air, and then ricochets, striking the water two or three times, and finally becomes lost to view. The gun has meanwhile started on its recoil. It dives downward rapidly, though with great steadiness, and comes to rest on the buffers of the carriage. It is again in the loading position. By the construction of the recoil cylinder, the gun in its downward movement stores up enough energy to send it back into the firing position. This is accomplished by the piston driving highly compressed air into a side chamber, where it is trapped until it is desired to raise the gun. By turning a valve the air is released, and by its expansion raises the piston, and consequently the arms and gun. Sixteen rounds have been fired from the 10-inch gun while mounted upon this carriage, about one-third of them being full service charges. The carriage is so arranged that it can be manœuvred by hand-power in case it should be desired to dispense with the pneumatic power. A hand-pump is provided, which could be used for filling the recoil cylinder; and when once filled, it does not need replenishing, as the air can be held indefinitely without leakage.


FIRING AND SETTLING BACK TO LOADING POSITION.


THE GUN RAISED, READY FOR FIRING.

C. S. McNeir.

APRIL.

The warm moist kiss of April on the grass,
  The stooping sun, the wet and fragrant plain,
The voice of life low-whispered as I pass,
  The vision of the summer through the rain;
A thousand thoughts borne outward from the mind,
  Laughing at nature, caught and held again
  Close to the stirring heart, till, like the grain
In autumn, they are scattered by the wind:

And some may range along the open sky,
And some may fall and live, and some may die—
I care not, now, whether the wanton air
  Rid me of flying chaff or sift the seed
  Of future promise; or if this, indeed,
My present fancy, lead me anywhere!

P. H. Savage.

THE "SHIELD'S" GIRL REPORTER.

BY FRANK BAILEY MILLARD.

THERE were five of us, and the world was ours. It is a rare sight to see, and one that does the heart good—that of a party of slaving newspaper men off duty for a week, and turned loose where there is air to breathe and something green to rest the eye upon. Pranks of yearling calves in the lane, capers of colts on the grass, are but the meaningless antics of animal life. But our antics meant something. They meant a sweeping away of ball and chain, a throwing down of dull grim walls, and no night police, fires, or suicides for seven great, glorious days.

We were at Sisson, which, as everybody ought to know, is in northern California, near the end of the great Sierra chain. Bunzie, who always used the word "excavate" instead of "dig" in his copy, and had to be restrained from poesy by the city editor when there was a tannery conflagration to be written up, was on his stomach before snow-capped Shasta, which, he insisted, was the proper attitude to assume before so "wonderful a manifestation of the powers of the Deity." But Gordon, the Late Mr. Johnson, and myself merely lounged around. The Late Mr. Johnson was not in his coffin. The title had been given him by the city editor for persistent procrastination in showing up when he had an important assignment. There, I had forgotten "Ott"; but "Ott," whose full name was Ottinghouse, hardly counted. He was merely an echo of the Late Mr. Johnson, for whose easy bohemian ways he had a profound admiration, copying them as closely as he could. Then, too, "Ott" was not a newspaper man. But he was fresh from the university, and he meant to be one.

The Late Mr. Johnson was telling the story. He was always telling stories, and "Ott" was absorbing a vast stock of them for future recital. This time the story was on a theme that Johnson seldom touched, for he hated shop, and this was shop. I don't believe that any of us except "Ott" heard the first part of that tale. The pine scents came to us so freshly, the smoke drift moved so lazily before our eyes over on the side of the wood-clad buttes, near whose base we had come, and the little creek was telling a tale so much more charming than dry old Johnson's, that we let "Ott" have the preface all to himself. But, according to Bunzie's notions—he had caught a word now and then—the story did not fit into the picture. He wanted it closed up. The neatest way to do this, as he believed, was to blurt out:

"Oh, hang your long introductions, Johnson! Your yarns are just like your copy. A man can always find a good line for a starter on the middle page of it. That's what Fenslow says."

Now Fenslow was Johnson's city editor, but no allusion to him would cut short the story. Johnson kept on, and finally came to the place where the story really began. It was about "that singular anomaly," as Gilbert calls her, "the lady journalist."

"She came to Fenslow in the beginning of that awful rainy winter three years ago," said the Late Mr. Johnson. "Her name was Savage—Gertrude Savage."

"I remember her," said Bunzie. "I was working on the *Tribune* then, and the *Shield* wasn't in it that year."

"Too much economy then. That was the trouble," said Gordon, between puffs; "but Fenslow did well with the city news, though he did hash up the evening papers for all they were worth."

We were now deep in the shop again, as you see, and the pine scents and the smoke drift were lost upon us. Not even the grandeur of Shasta could avail against shop.

"For a girl she was a rattling good reporter," Johnson went on. "I never saw a better. She was not one of those who run around with a fore-and-aft cap on and try to be mannish while they gather in the stuff for the paper. Fact is, she was modesty itself. She walked up to Fenslow's desk very timidly when she made her first appearance. I was his assistant then, and so, of course, I heard all that was said.

"'There isn't enough work for the regular reporters, let alone extras,' said Fenslow, after she had made application for a job in tones that would have won over a grizzly. Not a whine, not a whimper, and yet nothing brassy in her whole talk. 'But I'll see what I can do for you, Miss Savage. If you are from Boston and have worked on the *Precipitator*, you ought to be able to suit us.'

"'Thanks,' she said, and smiled. 'I know enough not to bring a scrap-book, or I could show you some of my articles written for the *Precipitator*. May I go to work to-morrow?'

"'Let's see. Yes; you can take that women's temperance meeting in Brigg's Hall at 11 A.M. It is on in the afternoon too. Keep it all in five hundred words, please.'

"She pulled out a small note-book, and with a dainty pencil put down the memorandum, in rather a shy way, as I thought. But that is what I liked about her—nothing mannish, not the least. Though it's deuced rare among girl reporters."

"Why don't you say women reporters?" put in Bunzie, on whose fine ear "girl" grated.

"Because this one was nothing but a girl, and a slip of a girl at that. And then you never heard of a woman reporter, did you? They're all girls. Don't try to ring in your poetry on the profesh, Bunzie. Devote that to Shasta.

"As you all know," went on the Late Mr. Johnson, "California journalism has many quips and quirks that are not known to our brothers of the East. Sometimes it's very hard for a newspaper man from there to make it go with us, and it's surely a deuced sight harder for a girl. There was one thing that favored Gertrude, however. She was not in the office a week before every man there fell in love with her. That's a big thing for a girl reporter, because it means no end of pointers on what to do and where to go to get the news in the easiest way. So she got along swimmingly.

"A morning newspaper office is the place where you see the scales fall off the shams of life. This is instanced by the pursuit of the newspaper man by the conceit-stuffed fellow who wants his virtues made known by your types and paper, and who thinks those types and paper were made for the express purpose of lifting him upon a pedestal. But there was no sham about the devotion of the *Shield* staff to Gertrude Savage. You couldn't blame them. Her black eyes were so darkly lashed, and her cheeks were so peachily fleshed—so round—and her brown hair fell so carelessly and so lightly upon her brow, that—"

"Who's getting poetical now?" came Bunzie's centre shot.

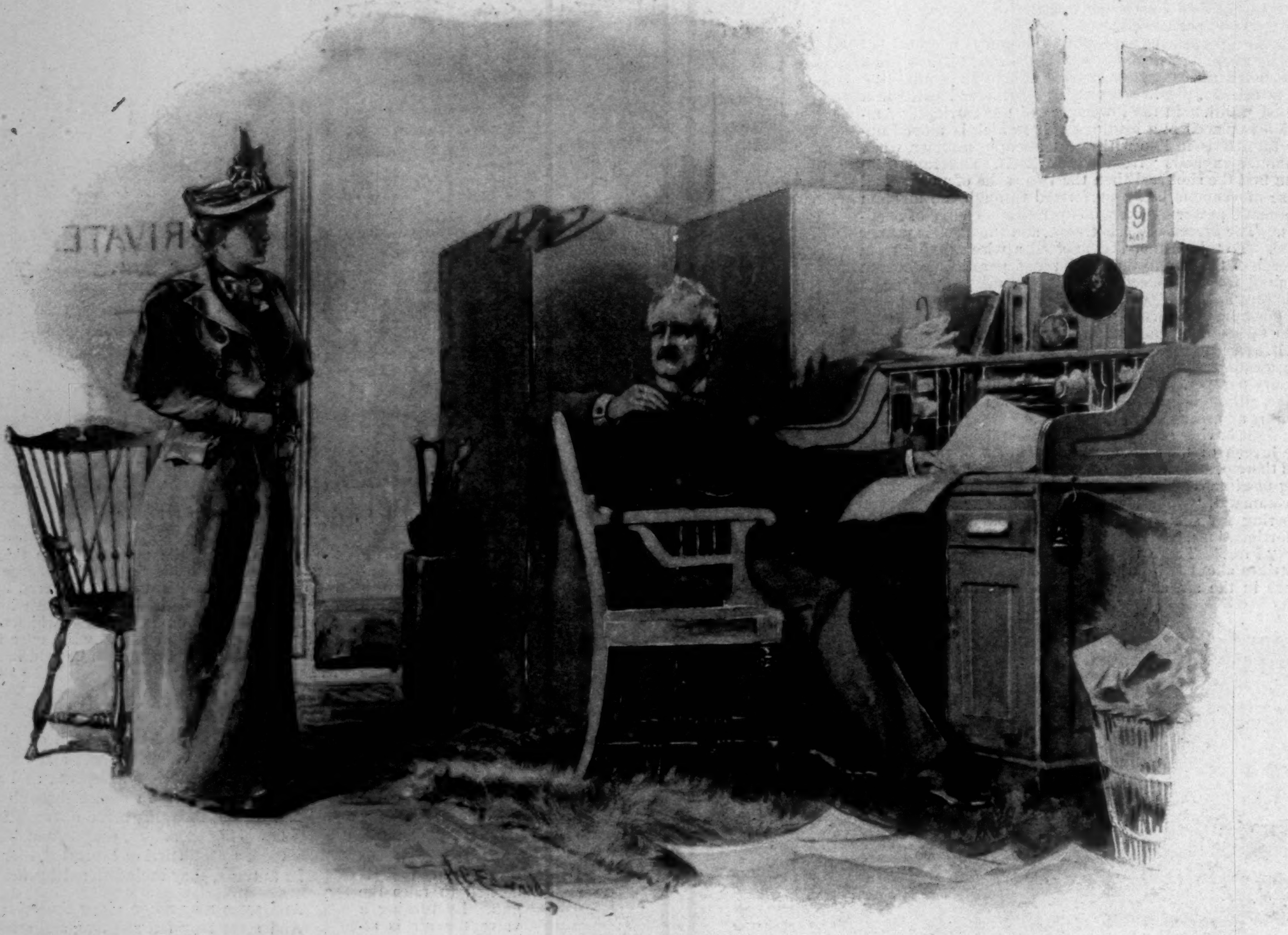
"As I was saying," went on the Late Mr. Johnson, as if Bunzie's interruption was no more than the dropping of a pine cone from the branches above us—"as I was saying, they couldn't help adoring her. In a way, she became one of the boys, laughing and talking with them as if they were all her old chums, and yet demure enough all the time, and the very soul of a lady. Nothing that ever struck the local room, not even Fenslow's savage lecture after the outbreak against the coin-borrowing rule, ever did the men so much good as the coming of the girl reporter. We had only had one or two of them before, and they were no earthly good—cheeky things from Hill's Seminary, who drove the copy-reader to the ragged edge of despair by their essay style of writing up. Gertrude knew the ropes too well to put anything but pure newspaper English into her stuff, and when she handed in her wad of copy there was precious little work in it for the desk man.

"The way she sized up the fellows that tried to ring in ads on her when she was out getting news, and the way she tumbled the hopes of self-important ones who were itching to be interviewed, won Fenslow over almost as readily as did her clean copy. He gave her all the work she wanted, and I think she hit the business office pretty hard on pay-days, for, besides her regular assignments, she got in yards and yards of space. Fenslow said it used to make his arm tired measuring it all. This went along for several months, and then campaign rot crowded out so much of the other local that she had to hang her hopes of a good sack on Sunday supplement specials. For, as you know, there are a good many kinds of work you can't give to a girl reporter, and hustling about among ward politicians and round among the clubs before the fall elections is one of them.

"I didn't know for a long time after she came to us that there was a mystery about the girl; but there was. Not that she could be put down with the people for whom the glorious climate of California works a change of name, as they say it does in habits. Nothing of the sort. But that she had, for some reason or other, run away from New York, I managed to learn in the course of time. I found out through—No, I'll not tell how I found out."

As we knew the Late Mr. Johnson had a way about him that would have drawn confidences from the furniture in the office, we did not doubt that he had obtained his information from the girl herself. So we merely asked what the mystery was.

"Why, she had been engaged to a newspaper man back there, and he had thrown off on her. I even learned his name. It was Byron Palethorpe. D—— him!"



It is queer how those mountain echoes take up words—even the slightest sounds. I am sure I heard come back in triplicate a bunch of "damn hims!" Now that I think of it, I believe I saw the lips of the other listeners move at the same time, and there may have been—but I am not positive on that point—a fourth echo.

"It seems that he had found her an orphan, with a light purse and no one to look out for her. So he had helped her to get work on a morning paper, and she had got to thinking so much of him that it broke her all up when she found that he was getting very reckless as to whiskey. She tried to reform him, but he did not reform so easily. Then they had a quarrel, and she broke the engagement, and left New York."

"Then he didn't exactly throw off on her," ventured Bunzie. But he went no further when he saw our dark frowns.

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't know exactly how it was," continued Johnson; "but, at any rate, she was on the *Shield* staff, and there was a great big anchor back in New York. For I saw readily enough that the man who had won her heart still had it in his keeping."

"All of which is very much mixed, as Johnson's stories generally are."

That shot from Gordon.

"Not so much mixed as your account of the De Puey-Simpson runaway match," fired back Johnson, "when you married the girl to the wrong man."

"Let him go on," I cried, shying a clod at Gordon.

"She repented and wrote to him. Two or three letters came to her in return, vowing that the cause of their trouble had been removed—he had sworn never to look upon the fiery fluid again, and was coming out before long to marry her, and take her back to New York.

"That fall, before the election, the girl reporter didn't make any great headway with her bank account. As I have said, there wasn't much for a girl to do on the staff just then, and, as you know, you can't depend on Sunday sup stuff for a living. But she got along. Her friends of the local room would have helped her through anything if she'd have let them, but she was mightily independent.

"I didn't think to tell you about Johnny Maddern. He was the hardest smitten of the whole staff, and would have gone through fire for her. Often when she had a night assignment he would cut short his own work to go to a hall or elsewhere, and see her safely to the office, and somehow he generally managed to see her home, too, after she had handed in her report. Well, Johnny was a good boy, and so blindly in love that he couldn't see the lay of the land, or, rather, of her heart, and I didn't feel like spoiling his dream by telling him of the Palethorpe fellow back in New York.

"One night when the wind was howling like mad, and it was raining copy files and blue pencils, I met the girl on Market Street. She was all bundled up in her rubber gossamer, and her white face showed through the darkness like a wraith's, and I am sure that all the specks of water on her cheeks were not raindrops. It took me aback for a time—that white face—and I don't know whether or not I nodded as I passed. I am sure she did not see me, for she gave no sign of recognition. When I had walked half a block further, I turned about and ran back to her.

"'What's the trouble now?' I asked, as I walked by her side, putting as little as possible of my usual bearish tone into the query. She said nothing for a while. Something seemed to be choking her. I thought she grew whiter as she said at last, in her low sweet voice, but with none of its old cheeriness or confidence of tone:

"'You have been kind to me, Mr. Johnson, but I do not know why I should further burden you with my troubles. Still, if you feel enough interest in me to know, I will tell you. He's here.'

"I think she must have felt me start, for she was lightly clinging to my arm as we walked along the street. That was the trouble with the whole crew of us—we all thought too much of that girl. Not too much, either, for, devil take me, if she wasn't worthy of all our adoration and a good deal more!

"'You mean Palethorpe?' I put in. 'Has he been to see you?'

"'No; but I have seen him, and—he was very much intoxicated. I did not dare to make myself known to him while he was in such a state. And yet I would like to know where he is now. Perhaps I could help him.'

"Then indignation, strong and deep, laid hold upon me. Why, in the name of all her worshippers, couldn't she leave that fool Palethorpe to work his own ruin? I felt very much like blurting out the question. But then she was so deadly in earnest. I know she would have asked me to go and hunt him up if she dared, but I was not equal to that. Silence lay between us all the way to her door, but I thought she seemed more at ease when she said her 'good-night,' and I knew in my heart that in my rough, blundering way I had helped her. Sympathy goes a long way in such cases, you know, though my sympathy wouldn't carry me so far as to place her in Palethorpe's arms, even if he had been as sober as a mule in a tread-mill.

"Next day the girl reporter was among us as usual, but she was no longer one of the boys. As I viewed her, she looked to be more of a woman than before, and—yes, the gang of us worshipped her more than ever. Johnny Maddern added flame to the fire by proposing to her. Though she let him down as easily as she could, I know that this was another pain for her sensitive heart. From that time she seemed to hold aloof from us. Perhaps she realized the fact that such a one as she might work mischief among a lot of men in the way that Johnny was suffering; but there may have been another thought in her mind—that she should keep in the darkness with her trouble, and struggle there with herself alone. In those days I am sure she passed very closely to the fires that try the souls of women, and of which a great brute of a man can know nothing. Still he did not come to her, and sent no word, though she knew that he was still in the city. It was mighty rough on her to sit at her desk, grind out her copy, and keep herself within herself; and yet, so far as her real trouble went, she gave no sign. The boys thought she was waiting for the Maddern affair to cool down, and then she would come back, and be the merry girl she had been before. But I, who knew that it was deeper than that, was only praying that Palethorpe would hark back to where he belonged, for then she might feel some peace of mind.

"Well, winter came on in earnest, and the weather reports, which are very wet affairs at that time of the year, showed more inches of rain than we had had for many a season. There was an all-fired lot of work to do, and it kept us flying about like so many ants around an overturned stone. One night, when the office was bare of men, there came in a telephone message that there had been a suicide out at North Beach. Then the night editor wanted some one rushed out to hunt up something about a St. Louis scandal with a local side to it. And, to cap it all, in came a report of a shooting affair on Stockton Street.

"It made Fenslow tear his hair when he saw there was no one to send out. He rang up the Press Club, but there wasn't a *Shield* reporter there. Then he sent out to a meeting that Maddern was covering, with an order to hustle into the office at once, for it was eleven o'clock, and there was no time to lose. But Maddern had heard of another meeting, nobody knew where, and had gone off to get that. Fifteen minutes past, and nobody come. Fenslow was getting badly rattled. His assistant would not be back until midnight, and there was no telling where to send for him. He telegraphed for the man on night police, and found that he had gone after the suicide. But who was there to cover the shooting? That was the awful question of the moment, and it made Fenslow dance up and down while he struggled with it. Then in came the girl reporter.

"Fenslow swore. 'If she were only a man,' he growled. 'That's the deuce of keeping women about a place like this; you can't do anything with them when you want help the worst.'

"The girl noticed Fenslow's agitation, and asked what the matter was.

"'Why, there's been a shooting up on the hill, and perhaps there's a big story in it. I suppose the *Trib* has had four reporters digging on it for half an hour, and here I haven't a man within call.'

"'Where is the place?'

"He told her, and cursed a little under his breath about a woman's curiosity.

"The girl sprang up from her chair. 'I'll go,' she said, quietly, buttoning up her gossamer, for it was raining again.

"'You, Miss Savage?'

"His eyes were full of admiration for her pluck; but then she was a woman, and women had no business in such places.

"'Yes, I'll go.'

"And she pinned her badge on her breast—a badge that was always respected wherever it was shown, though she had had occasion to use it but rarely. Gathering up some sheets of paper, she was off before Fenslow could make any remonstrance.

"She went to the house on Stockton Street, and it so chanced that she was the first reporter on the spot. A man had been badly shot by a young woman in a quarrel. He was all but dead. He gave the name of James Dorman. I don't remember the story, but the girl got it all down some way or other, though they say she kept her eyes off the dying man as much as she could, and seemed to be terribly broken up. She sent word to Fenslow of her success, and said she would be back at the office in an hour.

"I was standing by Fenslow's desk when she came in. He asked her, as city editors always do, some points about the story, thinking she had not yet written it up.

"She told him in a dozen words nearly all he wanted to know—all except one point.

"'What's the man's name?' he asked.

"'It was—he's dead, you know. It was—you'll find it in the copy.' And she laid on his desk what she had written.

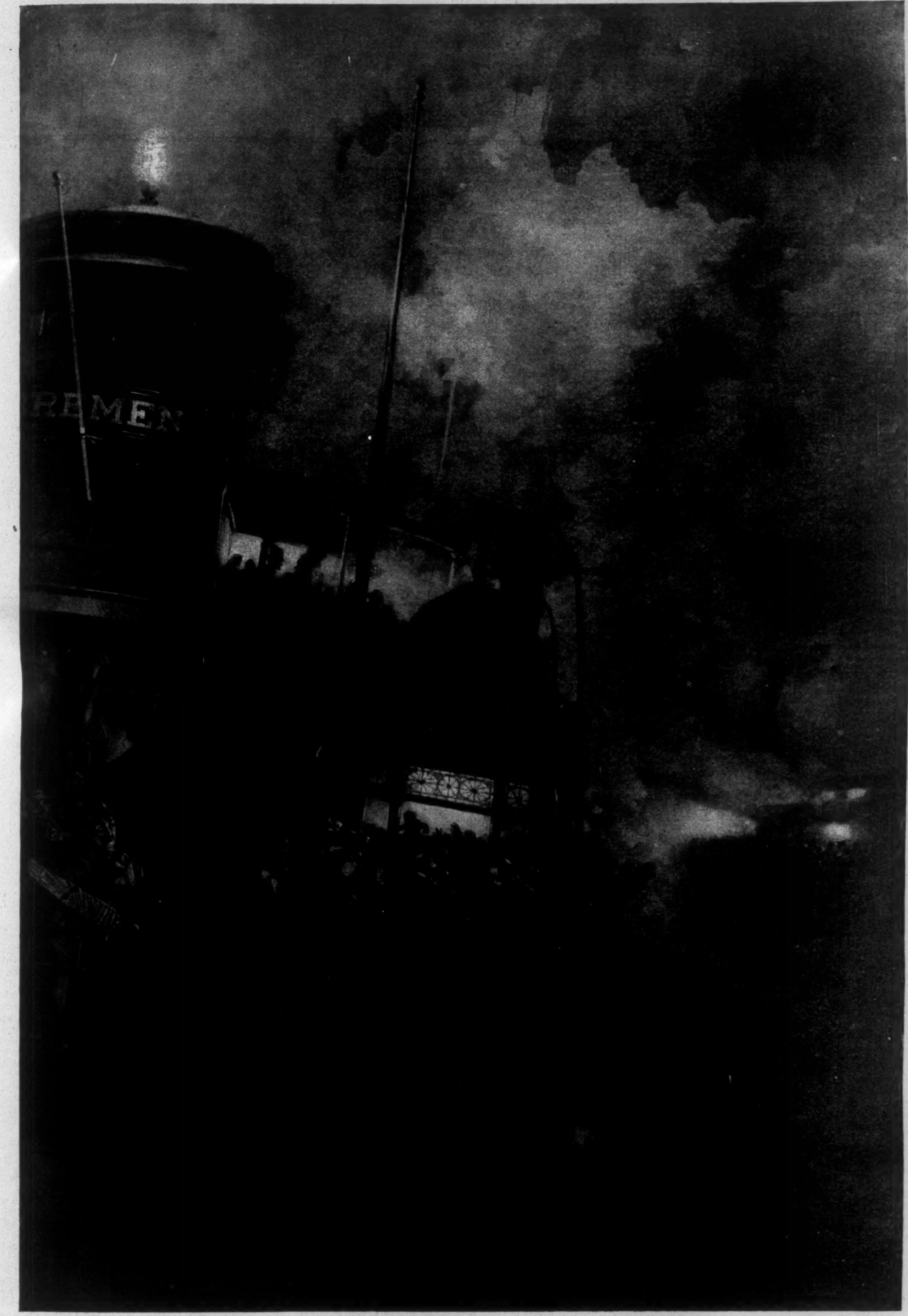
"Fenslow looked up in surprise, but he saw that her face was white as snow, and he guessed that the name meant something to her. She started away quickly, and as she turned, I heard a half-choked sob. Then I saw her reel, and grasp at the handle of the door. She managed to open it, though it was with an effort, and as soon as she let go, she fell all in a heap in the hallway outside. Maddern, who had just come in, was at her side in a minute, gasping, choking, and wringing his hands—behaving, in fact, like the young fool that he was.

"Well, we soon brought her to, and Maddern took her home in a cab.

"'Looks like a good story,' remarked Fenslow, as he ran his eye over the girl's firmly written copy. 'Byron Palethorpe—Byron Palethorpe. It strikes me I've seen that name somewhere before.'

"Then I knew what had happened, and I cursed long and deep within myself. I cursed Fenslow for ever letting her go out on such an assignment, and I cursed myself for not hurrying back from the hotel where I had been interviewing a fat old duffer about the condition of the Riverside orange crop. I felt vaguely that we would never see our girl reporter again.

"And we never did."



THE HOMEWARD RUSH.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Poem on Page 402.]

CROSSING THE DOWN-TOWN FERRIES.

See illustration on page 401.

Crossing the down-town ferries,
I challenge a braver sight
Than the throngs of working people
Homeward faring at night.
Never a drum before them,
Never a banner above,
But they march to soundless music
Under the flag of love.

There are men with grimy faces
And coats that are out of date,
Women whose pallid lips and cheeks
Tell the dreary struggle with fate.
But oh! the cheery courage
And the eyes with light aglow
As over the down-town ferries
These toilers come and go!

They are working for wife and babies,
For a mother bent and gray,
Or a sister bound to a weary couch,
With only the strength to pray.
Working for honest wages
To pay for the bread they eat,
Or to buy the children's school-books,
And shoes for the children's feet.

Crossing the down-town ferries
Daily at set of the sun,
You may meet the crowds of toilers
Whose long day's work is done.
You know what a shout of greeting
They'll hear when they lift the latch—
A shout the angels listen for,
And pause in their songs to catch.

Who does not thrill with pleasure
As the brave procession comes,
Needing no rally of bugles,
Nor beat of strenuous drums?
Though a host may press anear them
Who neither toil nor spin,
Not theirs to wear the laurels
The lowlier laborers win.

Margaret E. Sangster.

THE WOMEN'S GIFT TO RUSSIA.

Hon. Charles H. Trask, of New York city, has within a week received a letter from his St. Petersburg house, the oldest American firm, I believe, in the Russian capital, which tells a story of the most widespread distress. The foreign writer, who has been actively connected with the relief work for some time, says: "There are eighteen million people without clothing, fuel, shelter. How many will live till the crops come? In certain parts of some of the southern provinces most of the children are dead." This may be an overdrawn statement, but in the main it is confirmed by the newspaper accounts; by the American Minister to Russia, Hon. Charles Emory Smith; and by Baron Struve, the head of the Russian legation at Washington. Baron Struve has lately returned from Russia after a visit of eight months. He has informed those who have met him that, the needs of his people are both real and great, and that the imperial government gratefully accepts gifts for its famine-stricken peasants in the spirit in which they are given—a charity that makes the whole world kin.

Two ships loaded with bread-stuffs have arrived in Russian ports—the *Indiana*, from Philadelphia; and the *Missouri*, from New York. The cordial reception given them makes it plain that they were welcome. Two other ships are taking their cargoes—the *Conemaugh*, which called at New York April 12th for flour, and which is now at Philadelphia; and the *Tynehead*, which will depart from this port before another issue of the Weekly appears. The first and third ships belong to the City of Brotherly Love, whose generous citizens provided the cargoes of Western flour. The second, or the *Missouri*, represented the Northwestern States, whose millers contributed more than four million pounds of export flour.

The fourth ship, which there is reason for saying will not be the last of the grain-laden fleet, has a distinctive character as well as a special mission. It stands for American women, who, while they have extended helping hands in all the grand work of international charity that has been accomplished during the past three months, have had no complete organization of their own under both State auspices and national protection. Not only have women been the collectors of the cargo and shown admirable tact and good business capacity, but they go with it to the destination in the famished provinces up and down the Volga, and they are to remain to nurse the sick and teach the hungry peasants how to prepare and cook palatable and nutritious dishes made from American grains and their products.

The State of Iowa furnishes a full cargo of corn or Indian maize and flour. It is shown by the bills of lading that the aggregate weight of Iowa's donations will reach 6,750,000 pounds, the equivalent of 225 cars containing fifteen short tons each. Measured in corn, this is something more than 120,000 bushels, and valued in money, it is $60,000, or not less than $100,000 at the end of its journey, and before its conversion into food. In January a question as to the wisdom of sending corn was raised, but it has been definitely settled. Secretary Rusk, of the Department of Agriculture, learns from an agent whom he sent to St. Petersburg that American corn will serve a double purpose. It will save the horses and cattle, and in that way avert another famine, and it will be made into bread with rye, as it has been in some 900 bakeries in Berlin, Vienna, and other German cities, during the past few months.

"But what have the good women done about all this?" It would be more brief to tell what they have not done, in answering the question. Governor Boies appointed a committee of eleven women, one for each Congressional district in Iowa, and two at large. In regular order, the committee was composed of Mrs. M. J. Ketcham, of Mount Pleasant; Mrs. Charles A. Schaeffer, of Iowa City, wife of the president of the State University of Iowa; Mrs. M. Parrott, of Waterloo; Mrs. N. C. Deering, of Osage; Mrs. J. T. Stoneman, of Cedar Rapids; Mrs. A. W. Swalm, of Oskaloosa; Mrs. E. H. Durley, of Des Moines; Mrs. J. B. Harsh, of Creston; Mrs. Julian Phelps, of Atlantic; Mrs. John F. Duncombe, of Fort Dodge; Miss Lucy Patterson, of Sioux City. One of the two members at large, Mrs. William Larrabee, was chosen president. No woman in that State has a larger acquaintance, as she was socially the first lady in Iowa during the two terms of Governor Larrabee, which ended in January, 1889. The secretary was Miss Alice French, the "Octave Thanet" of periodical story and sketch. Miss French left her pen and study, visiting the chief cities of the State, and organizing bands of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Red Cross. A month was devoted to this self-sacrificing work, the results of which were subscriptions amounting to more than $20,000. Where money was not available and in the rural districts, the anxious women solicited corn, and they received it in quantities of from a single bushel up to a car-load of 550 bushels from individual donors. In corn and cash, a value of more than $40,000 was realized in Iowa. In the larger towns collections were taken in the churches, receptions were held, operas and concerts given, and the public-school children sent in hundreds of dollars in pennies, three-cent pieces, and nickels. Almost innumerable plans were devised for getting money, and diffusing information about Russia and the famine.

An essential part of the work was taken by the railroads, and in transportation charges it reaches at least $20,000. Every line from the Missouri River to Chicago, and from Chicago to the seaboard, carried free the 3375 tons of grain offered. The Western Union and the Postal-Cable Telegraph companies transmitted hundreds of messages—all that were offered—as their contribution; and the United States, the American, and the Adams express companies carried packages and money gratuitously. It deserves to be noted that no person engaged in the cause of relief-gathering has asked or received any compensation whatever. No commissions or salaries have been paid, and all personal expenses have come from private pockets.

Iowa's grain offerings, all of them, have been consigned in car lots to Miss Clara Barton, president of the American National Red Cross Society, care of the Russian Consul-General, Hon. A. E. Olarovsky, 22 State Street, New York. They have been inspected and put in the elevators of the Dows and Columbia stores, Brooklyn, without cost, and on account of charity. A considerable sum of money, now in the hands of the State Treasurer of Iowa, is to be remitted to Miss Barton without condition. It is understood that with these funds hospital stores and provisions will be bought.

The day for the *Tynehead* to leave her pier is not fixed, but it will probably be not later than this week. Her arrival in Russia will be anticipated by Dr. J. B. Hubbell, general field agent of the American Red Cross, who will be present at the international conference of the organization to be held in Rome, April 21–6, and go from there to St. Petersburg, where assurances of prompt distribution by the imperial railroads are given.

Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, ex-president of the Women's Centenary Association, of 135 East Fifty-sixth Street, New York, will sail just in advance of Iowa's cargo, and formally and officially convey the gift to the Russian Red Cross. Mrs. Theophila Kraemer, of Long Island, has closed her home, and accompanies Mrs. Thomas. Both women will stay so long as they are imperatively needed. Mrs. Kraemer's mission is to teach the practical art of cookery, and establish kitchens in the famine districts. She has lived in Russia, and is familiar with the language. Mrs. Mary Weeks Burnett, of Chicago, a widely known physician and the author of standard medical works, joins the others, her object being to make a close study of typhus-fever conditions, and to give the suffering the benefit of her skill. Manager Forget, of the French line of steamships, has thoughtfully tendered passage to these ladies.

The expense of the ship's voyage is to be borne by the city of Washington, the people of the capital having placed the requisite funds in Miss Barton's hands.

B. F. Tillinghast,
Secretary Iowa-Russian Famine Relief Committee.

AN ARRIVAL IN VENICE.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

You really begin to arrive in Venice when you leave Milan. Your train is hardly out of the station before you have conjured up all the visions and traditions of your childhood—great rows of white palaces running sheer into the water; groups of galleys crowded with sailors in red-tasselled caps, and festooned with sails of pink and yellow silk; marble balconies hung with velvets and half smothered in climbing roses.

All these picture-book palaces, boats, and open-air boudoirs are reflected upside down in a yellow-cadmium and rose-madder sea, over which curious boats loaded with still more curious fruits make their way.

Behind these fairy objects the sun is setting, swimming in streaks of purple clouds backed by a blaze of vermilion.

Along the horizon, far off, several miles away, are domes and minarets, kiosks, towers, and steeples, queer arched temples, and the like—every conceivable jumble of every inconceivable architecture on the globe.

As you speed on, you confidently expect a gold-incrusted barge rowed by slaves double-banked, hung with Persian carpets, and trailing behind rare brocades in a China blue sea, to meet you at the water landing. On the poop-deck of this creation of your memory-fed imagination reclines a gorgeous female in the thinnest of raiment, kept constantly cool by two diminutive blackamoors waving peacocks' tails. These last are upholstered in kaleidoscopic tights, loose shirts, pen-pointed slippers, and mob-caps surmounted by an aigrette of cock-feathers pinned with an emerald.

By the time you reach Verona your mental panorama makes another turn. The very name suggests the gay lover of the bal masqué, the poisoned vial, and the calcium moonlight illuminating the wooden tomb in the stage-set graveyard. You instinctively look around for the fair Juliet and her nurse. There are half a dozen as pretty Veronese going down by train to the City by the Sea, attended by their watchful duennas, but they do not satisfy you. You want one in a tight-fitting white satin gown with flowing train ten yards long, a diamond-studded girdle, and an ostrich-plume fan. The nurse, too, must be stouter, and have a high-keyed voice, be a little bent in the back, and shake her finger in a threatening way, like the old mezzotints you have seen of Mrs. Siddons or Peg Woffington. This pair of Dulcineas on the seat in front, in silk dusters, with a lunch basket, a box of sweets, and a bottle of Chianti, are too modern and commonplace for you, and will not do.

When you roll into Padua, and neither Doge nor Inquisitor in ermine or black gown boards the train, you grow restless. A deadening, terrible suspicion enters your mind! What if, after all, there should be no Venice? Just as there is no Robinson Crusoe, no man Friday, no stockade nor little garden; no Scheherezade telling her stories far into the Arabian night; no Santa Claus with his reindeer; no Rip Van Winkle, with the queer little gnomes in fur caps. As this suspicion deepens, the blood clogs in your veins and a thousand shivers go down your spine. You begin to fear that all these traditions of your childhood, all these dreams and fancies, are like the thousand and one other lies that have been told to and believed by you since the days when you spelled out words in two syllables.

As you leave Mestre—the last station entering Venice—you smell the salt air of the Adriatic through the open car window. Instantly your hopes revive, the blood mounts to your cheek, your heart is in your mouth, your hands tingling. Craning your head far out, you catch a glimpse of a long, low, monotonous bridge, and away off in the purple haze, the dreary outline of a distant city. You sink back into your seat exhausted. Yes, you knew it all the time. The whole thing is a swindle and a sham!

"All out for Venice!" says the guard in French.

Half a dozen porters—well-dressed, civil-spoken porters, flat-capped and numbered—seize your traps and help you from the train. You look up. It is like all the rest of the depots since you left Paris—high, dingy, besmoked, beraftered, beglassed, and bed—. No, you are past swearing. You are not mad. You are only broken-hearted. Another idol of your childhood shattered; another coin that your soul coveted nailed to the wall of your experience—a counterfeit!

"This way to the gondolas!" says the porter. He is very polite. If he were less so, you might make excuse to brain him on the way out.

The depot ends in a narrow passageway. It is the same old fraud: custom-house officers on each side; man with a punch mutilating tickets; rows of other men with brass medals on their arms the size of apothecaries' scales—hackmen, you think, with their whips outside—gondoliers you learn afterwards. They are all shouting. All intent on carrying you off bodily. The vulgar modern horde!

Soon you begin to breathe easier. There is an open door ahead, framing a bit of blue sky. "At least the sun shines here," you say to yourself. "Thank God for that much!"

"This way, signore."

One step and you stand in the sunlight. Now look! Below, at your very feet, drops away a great flight of marble steps down to the water's edge. Crowding these steps is a throng of gondoliers, porters, women in veils and gay-colored gowns, priests, fruit-sellers, water-carriers, and peddlers. At the edge, and away over to the beautiful marble church, a flock of gondolas like black swans curve in and out. Beyond stretches the double line of church and palace, bordering the glistening highway. Over all is the soft golden haze, the shimmer, the translucence of the Venetian summer sunset.

With your head in a whirl—so intense is the surprise, so foreign to your traditions and dreams the actuality—you throw yourself on the yielding cushions of a gondola. A turn of the wrist, and you dart into a narrow canal. Now the smells greet you—damp, cool, low-tide smells. The palaces and warehouses shut out the sky. On you go, under low bridges of marble, fringed with people leaning listlessly over, around sharp corners, their red and yellow bricks worn into ridges by thousands of rounding boats, past open plazas crowded with the teeming life of the city. The shadows deepen; the waters glint like flakes of broken gold-leaf. High up in an opening you catch a glimpse of a tower, rose-pink in the fading light, it is the Campanile. Farther on, you slip beneath an arch caught between two palaces, and held in mid-air. You look up, shuddering as you trace the outlines of the fatal bridge. For a moment all is dark. Then you glide out into a sea of opal, of amethyst and sapphire. Before you is San Giorgio. Beyond, on the waterline, a string of pearls—the little houses of the great city stretching away to the public gardens. Beside them the dots of black-green trees and the strip of rose-colored ivory—the marble wall surrounding the garden itself.

The gondola stops near a small flight of stone steps protected by huge poles striped with blue and red. Other gondolas are debarking their loads of travellers and sight-seers. A stout porter in gold lace steadies yours as you alight.

"Monsieur's rooms are quite ready. They are over the garden; the one with the balcony overhanging the water. Will monsieur go now?"

The hall is full of people (it is the Britannia, the best hotel in Venice), grouped about the tables chatting or reading, sipping coffee or eating ices. Beyond, from an open door, comes the perfume of flowers. You pass out, cross a garden, cool and fresh in the darkening shadows, and enter a small door opening on a staircase. You walk up and through the cozy apartments, push back a folding glass door, and step out upon a balcony of marble.

How still everything is! Only the plash of the water about the bows of the gondolas and the little waves snapping at the water steps. Even the groups of people around the small iron tables below, half hidden by the bloom of oleanders, talk in subdued tones.

Now a strain of music breaks upon your ear—a soft, low strain. Nearer it comes; nearer. You lean forward over the marble rail to catch its meaning. Far away across the surface of the beautiful sea floats a tiny boat. Every swing of the oar leaves in its wake a quivering thread of gold. Now it rounds the great red buoy, and is lost behind the sails of a lazy lugger drifting with the tide. Then the whole broad water rings with the melody. In another instant it is beneath you—the singer standing, holding his hat for your pennies; the chorus seated, with upturned expectant faces.

You look around and out—the music filling your soul, the soft air embracing you—out over the blossoms of the oleanders, across the shimmering water, beyond the beautiful dome of the Salute, glowing like a huge pink pearl in the clear evening light. No, it is not the Venice of your childhood; not the dream of your youth! It is softer, more mellow, more restful, more exquisite in its harmonies.

You pour all your store of small coins into the empty hat and close the door.

When you reach the garden the tears are in your eyes.

AMATEUR·SPORT

General Paine's yacht *Alborak*, that fearfully and wonderfully made 46-footer, has been hauled out at Lawley's yard, Boston, and is being wellnigh reconstructed. Alterations of an extensive nature are being made, which include setting the mast some three feet farther aft than where it now is. The sail area will not be reduced; in fact, the General has rather hinted it will be increased. What this boat can be made to do by the builders is too hard a conundrum to solve. She must indeed be born again to improve on her last year's form. It may be noticed, by-the-way, that the General adheres to at least one of the ideas involved in the original construction—*i. e.*, the maximum spread of canvas. The 21-foot class continues to grow, and it will of itself furnish plenty of sport.

The racquet championship decided in the Boston Athletic Association courts last week was a very tame affair. After all the expectations for some interesting playing by the entries of champion De Garmendia, R. D. Sears, and J. S. Tooker, the affair fizzled out to a match between J. S. Tooker, H. H. Hunnewell, Jun., who defeated Mr. Sears the other day, and J. R. Wheelock. It seems Mr. Sears's playing arm would not permit his playing, and therefore his withdrawal was natural. The non-appearance of Mr. De Garmendia is another story, and does not reflect very creditably on the Boston Athletic Association managers' sportsmanship. The game was scheduled for Good Friday. It was acknowledged on all sides that neither Mr. Hunnewell nor Mr. Wheelock was a match for Mr. Tooker, and the championship goes to the latter after the tamest fight on record. Mr. De Garmendia requested that the match be postponed until the next week, but the B.A.A. refused to do so. As there was no especial reason for playing on the scheduled day, the action of the B.A.A. is hard to comprehend.

If the Easter trip of Harvard's baseball nine has shown the men that they must work early and late to win from either Princeton or Yale, it will not have been taken in vain. At present Harvard alumni who have seen the other two play are not betting two to one on her chances. With one exception, the nines Harvard has played have been weak ones, and when she met that exception—the University of Pennsylvania—she was defeated by a score of 13–9. On the other occasions the games have been so easy, except at Fordham, where a wretched jumbling of the umpire nearly played havoc with Harvard, that the men have grown careless after the first few innings. Nothing so tends to take the snap out of a team's play as rolling up a score of 24 on such a team as Tufts. Much better is it to be whipped a dozen times by a strong team. It seems curious Harvard should not have arranged some games with the professional leagues. The drubbing U. of P. gave them will be of more service than all the victories (thus far) put together. There is the making of a good nine, but the men need hard, stiff games, and if they don't get them, the chances of the intercollegiate pennant floating over Cambridge are not flattering.

The men have all played as good ball as could be expected under the circumstances. Cobb, Upton, Cook, Hallowell, Frothingham, Corbett, Dickinson, Mason, all veterans, and, Whittemore, the Freshman, at short, have made a good record, barring a few fumbles, to be expected in the early season. Highlands has shown that when in form he is a very difficult man to hit, and he has likewise shown that an off day is so decidedly off, it is likely to make defeat certain if the game is close. Harvard cannot afford to have any off days when the Princeton and Yale series is under way, and she had better give her players from now on work against the best nines available. The team has been playing easy games so long that the men have forgotten about the snappy work they must do against Yale and Princeton. By far the best exhibition of ball Harvard gave on the trip was at Bethlehem against Lehigh, who was defeated 16–1. The big score does not count for much, as Lehigh went to pieces a couple of times; but the pitching of Howe was very steady and effective, and the fielding of the team was sharp and clean—the result of the Philadelphia whipping.

The New York games of the Yale nine should hardly be taken as a criterion of their ability, because the men will steady down later in the season. The game they put up against the New York League, while it apparently gave reporters a chance to gush a little over the clever collegians, was a showy rather than a strong game, with about three runs due to the loose playing of the New Yorks. Kedzie grows weaker as the season advances. Murphy, quick as a flash, continues to accept chances with very few errors. Carter's long, slow out-curve tempted the League men much, and as I have before remarked, he can pitch as well as play first base. In the Manhattan game Ridgway was put in to keep Bowers fresh, and fulfilled his mission. Case's shoulder will hardly permit him to do himself justice under another week, and in the mean time Bowers has been doing well, though, to be sure, he has had no hard batting to face. As batters, there is much to be desired, the entire nine not yet meeting the ball well, although Cole did shut his eyes and get on to one close in front of his body for four bags. A home run is a beautiful thing, but a number of singles carefully stowed away in the bat-bag are better property with which to enter a season. Although the University of Pennsylvania did find Highlands occasionally, I fear the Yale nine will not punish him to any great extent when they come to face him. Not only is he a swift left-handed pitcher, but when he has a good day he is a terribly hard man to find. He must take care that good days are not too far apart.

Princeton's work last week was not so clean as in its first game of the season with the New Yorks; the game with the Bostons, which resulted in favor of the professionals, 7–4, exhibited some wretchedly loose playing. Princeton secured one run, at least, she did not earn through errors by the Bostons, and returned the compliment by allowing the visitors to score three times on her bad play. The men run the bases well, but it is possible to be too daring, and the result has been a number of outs on second. The Staten Island game was filled with errors and loose playing, and was not creditable to either side. The innings Captain Young has pitched show him to be in great form. The team has gone on its Southern trip, and taken Guild for first, Brooks, short, and Spooner, r.f., besides the regular men. Guild has been showing up well on first, where he has been tried several games, and Brooks seems likely to remain at short. Spooner is taken to save Woodcock, who has sprained his ankle. The men are not batting well. On the second week's work of the preliminary season, Yale has made the best showing of the three.

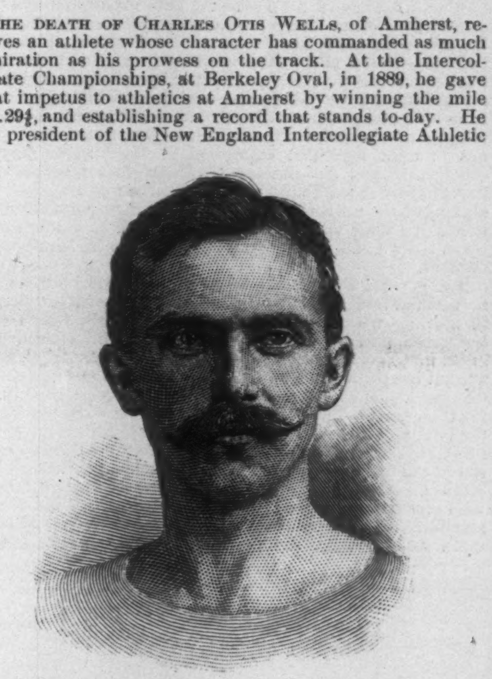
The Harvard crew has been in a shell since Friday of last week. Their last days in the barge were used to good advantage in quickening the first part of the recover. I noted the hands were shot out quickly, and there was more life to the stroke than they had shown this spring. It seemed, however, that the stroke was not *pulled home* the way it should be; there was too much "letting up" at the finish. While the time was fair, there was a lack of uniformity to the swing, and several men in the boat were prominent on account of certain peculiarities. For instance, I noticed that Newell, at bow, was settling badly at the finish, and instead of sitting up and drawing his hands in, was inclined to settle over his oar, and draw his hands down into his lap.

Lynam was another man whose work marred the appearance of the crew. His movements were poorly timed, and he was by no means following the man in front of him. He must regulate his catch so as to swing more like the other members of the crew. As it is, he catches a little ahead, and then makes a bad matter worse by finishing ahead. There was something peculiar about the way Ninde managed his shoulders. They seemed to *give* at the last part of the stroke. Either he was unable to pull the stroke through, or else he had forgotten that the recover does not begin until the stroke is finished.

With these exceptions, the men gave a most favorable impression—that is, they appeared to be working well together, and getting a good hold of the water. But they certainly do not pull the stroke through the way it should be. The finish is too easy, and there is not that *lug* at the oars which every boating man delights to see in a crew.

At present the crew is made up as follows: Newell, bow; Rantoul, 2; Winthrop, 3; Lynam, 4; Waters, 5; Acton, 6; Kelton, 7; and Ninde, stroke. Winthrop has been changed from 2 to 3 on account of Cummings being unable to row, which gives Rantoul a chance in the eight. Judging from Rantoul's rowing the last day or two, it will take a good man to put him out. His pair-oar work has done well for him. Harvard never seems to have a continued run of good-luck—Powers, Perkins, Vail, and Cummings all in college, and no one of them able to row.

The death of Charles Otis Wells, of Amherst, removes an athlete whose character has commanded as much admiration as his prowess on the track. At the Intercollegiate Championships, at Berkeley Oval, in 1889, he gave great impetus to athletics at Amherst by winning the mile in 4.29$\frac{4}{5}$, and establishing a record that stands to-day. He was president of the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association in his Senior year, '91, and did much hard work, to the detriment of his running and injury to his health. Last summer he had a severe attack of measles, from which he never fully recovered. In the fall, however, he began his career as a journalist, with the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, under flattering prospects. Devotion to his duties seemed too great a strain upon his weakened constitution, and a few days ago he died, after a short illness, of typhoid fever. His life was a short one, filled with unselfish efforts, which will live long in the memory of Amherst men.



CHARLES O. WELLS.

In the Yale boat Gallaudet certainly grows on one. He sets a good stroke, and has a really finished style to his work that cannot help pleasing any oarsman. Is he strong enough? That is the question, and one hard to determine. The boat travels more smoothly than it did a week ago, and with the exception of No. 6 and bow, the men behind Gallaudet begin to look like fixtures. These two seats still puzzle Captain Hartwell, and are likely to do so for some time to come. It seems too bad that a bright, clever man like Paine, with the strength of an ox, hasn't it in him to learn to row. It matters not how hopeful Bob Cook and Hartwell may have been, nor how faithful the pupil, he does not seem to become anything more than "big beef."

It will be a singular coincidence should Sanford succeed in securing Paine's seat at No. 6, as he was supplanted at centre in the eleven last fall. As a matter of fact, there is not at present any great amount of choice between the two men. They are both strong, but with either in the boat one is inclined to conclude that the other could not be much worse. Neither has any form at all, but as Paine has been at it now two years, one naturally concludes that there is more hope of Sanford, who is a novice in comparison. However, the long-expected Al Cowles, who has just arrived to coach, is trying another order for the men; putting Hartwell at No. 6, and Paine at No. 4. He has also tried Sanford, but evidently considers Paine the choice of the two.

Another change since Cook's visit has been the placing of Johnson, a Freshman, in the bow, where Kinney had just been tried, and where Rogers formerly sat. Rogers has already been commented on in these columns. Kinney, while of better build, did not row so well, and was behind the rest of the crew with such striking regularity that he was compelled to give way to Johnson. He knows but little of rowing, and yet seems strong and fairly clever at taking instruction. John Rogers has had another turn at the men. Al Cowles is on hand at last, and Cook is also coming to coach, so that Hartwell's cup of happiness is running over.

Notwithstanding the University of Pennsylvania nine has lost Bowman, Wagonhurst, Darrah, Scott, Graves, and Watts, its game with Harvard and on Saturday with Yale prove that the "green team" is a strong one. To defeat both Harvard and Yale—13 to 9 and 6 to 2—is something of which the Quakers may be proud. The men field well, and their bunting and base-running are good. Coke, c. f.; Mackey r. f.; Thomson, 2d b.; Vail, s. s.; Bayne, p.; Lansing, l.f.; Coogan, c.; Bergen 3d b., Higgins, 1st b., make a stong combination. Bayne, captain, has the distinction of being the first Freshman to fill that position in intercollegiate baseball. His drop, alternating with his fast and slow ball, will keep the college batters guessing, and with proper support he should put the red and blue on top in many a game this season. Lansing's work in former seasons has placed him well up in the rank of catchers. Press of Senior work has kept him out of the cage this winter, and it will therefore be a few weeks before he reaches his usual form. Coogan has developed marvellously. Mackey and Coke, expected to do the batting and base-running for the out-field, are graduates of the Lafayette team. Vail is well known about Philadelphia by his work on the A. C. S. N. team. Thomson has been brought in from the field to cover second. He is a fine fielder and base-runner, but has done nothing as yet with the stick. All told, the U. of P. prospects are very good.

It now seems very likely that the contests for the Yale-Harvard University Track Athletic Cup will be held on the afternoon of Friday, May 20th, at New Haven, the Yale faculty having expressed itself as favoring that date rather than the morning of Saturday, May 21st. For a time a deadlock seemed probable, as Yale insisted on June 4th, and Harvard on May 14th; but the better judgment of both sides has led to a compromise rather than an exhibition of obstinacy to which we have been too frequently treated in college differences. I may add here for the information of criticising college editors that the Deed of Gift declares this contest shall be held annually between May 1st and July 1st, and not on May 14th, as some have asserted.

The good work started by the United States Horse and Cattle Show Society continues to grow. Messrs. Brewster & Co., of Broome Street, have offered a special prize of $100 for the best cab horse and best-appointed private hansom cab—horse to count 50 per cent.; cab and appointments, 50 per cent. Now let some one of our wealthy sportsmen do likewise for the *public* cabby. They have also offered $100 for best stallion, mare, or gelding under 15 hands by registered hackney stallion, out of an unregistered dam of any breed, to be shown in harness, style and roading qualities to be considered.

Mr. C. F. Havemeyer has sounded a key-note in offering a special of $100 for the best horse and best-appointed delivery wagon as used for local deliveries—horse to count 60 per cent; wagon and appointments, 40 per cent. Will not some one start the movement for improving the shoeing? Shall we not have a farriers' prize? Entries close April 23d.

The retirement of William H. Rocap, of the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy, is received with sincere regret. We can hardly afford the loss of an athlete who, by his own course and the precepts set up for others, has done so much for the elevation of boxing. He has won thirty-three boxing contests, including the feather-weight championship of America twice, and throughout his career amply demonstrated the possibility of being at the same time a boxer and a gentleman. The public testimonial in Philadelphia attests how much his efforts have been appreciated.

Four weeks have elapsed since the first game in the finals of the American Amateur Bowling Union was rolled, and only two weeks yet remain before the finish. It must be apparent, even to the casual observer of the following table, that the system now in vogue for judging the position of the competing teams is not only fallacious, but unfair:

	Won.	Lost.	Average.		Won.	Lost.	Average.
Jersey City A. C.	8	2	$844\frac{3}{5}$	Waverly.......	5	5	$798\frac{1}{10}$
Phœnix........	8	2	$840\frac{2}{5}$	Echo..........	4	6	$817\frac{1}{10}$
Ivanhoe.......	7	3	$833\frac{7}{10}$	New York B. C.	3	7	$807\frac{4}{5}$
America.......	7	3	$821\frac{2}{5}$	Grips..........	3	7	789
Manhattan.....	7	3	$811\frac{1}{5}$	Standard......	2	8	$807\frac{1}{10}$
Palma........	6	4	$807\frac{3}{5}$	Elizabeth.....	2	8	$793\frac{1}{5}$
New York A. C.	5	5	$830\frac{1}{10}$	Montgomery...	2	8	$761\frac{1}{2}$
Peerless.......	5	5	$819\frac{4}{5}$				

It is not to the three leading clubs, but to the twelve clubs below them, that injustice is done. Take, for instance, the average of the New York A. C., Peerless B. C., Echo B. C., Standard B. C., and New York B. C., and compare them with their positions in the tournament on the basis of games won and lost. It is probable that at the end of the tournament each of the five leading places will be claimed by two or more clubs, which will necessitate "rubber" games being rolled, and prolonging the tournament. Under the average system the likelihood of ties occurring would be as 1 to 100. On the 14th inst. the Ivanhoes made a score of 936; three days later the New York A. C. tied it. It is the high-team score of the tournament. In the N. Y. A. Club's game, Shaw, of that team, made the individual high-score record—236.

The new A. A. U. law regarding suspension of boxers made recently is a very severe but most important and necessary one. It should have been formulated two years ago. The character of this objectionable slugging element makes drastic measures absolutely necessary. Hereafter when a slugger is suspected of receiving money, he can be suspended until he establishes his innocence. It is the only way to deal with these people, and if the men who have been instrumental in putting through the rule—Messrs. W. B. Curtis, Howard Perry, J. E. Sullivan, Harry McMillan, Walter Stimpson, E. A. Rix, Fred Stearns—will be equally vigilant in its observance boxing will soon be cleansed.

H. W. Schlichter, one of the judges at the disgraceful slugging tournament of the Crescent Rowing Club, and whom we criticised at the time, has sent us an affidavit setting forth the honesty of his decisions. We have no space to comment on the matter, except to hold it up as a warning to men who have some respect for their good name against having any association whatever with affairs of this kind. One cannot handle mud without soiling one's fingers.

Caspar W. Whitney.

COLGATE UNIVERSITY.

BY DR. N. L. ANDREWS.

The gift of a million dollars a few months since to Colgate University, at Hamilton, New York, has served to draw to that institution increased public attention. Colleges having a rural location do not always attract so much notice as the intrinsic quality of their work justifies, but no intelligent educator will underrate such institutions as Amherst, Dartmouth, Williams, Hamilton, and Colgate. The friends of such colleges believe that their rural situation is advantageous. Colgate University certainly is especially favored in the charms of its location. The town of Hamilton is twenty-nine miles south of Utica, on the New York, Ontario, and Western Railroad, and is about 1200 feet above the sea. The village is confessedly one of the prettiest in the State, and it is a favorite summer resort. The presence of such an institution of learning in this place for seventy years has developed unusual intelligence and refinement in the population. The interests of Hamilton are chiefly educational, and the pleasantest relations exist between the village and the university.

The history of the university is unique. It existed more than twenty-five years before it had a collegiate charter. This earlier institution, opened in 1820, was the outgrowth of a religious spirit. In this respect the aims of its founders were not essentially different from those which prompted the establishment of the other Christian colleges now fostered by the various religious denominations. The original purpose, however, was only to train students for the Baptist ministry. Some years before it was founded, Samuel Payne bought as a farm the land which was destined to be its site, and the story goes that after felling the first tree of the forest on the spot where the university now stands, he knelt in prayer, and consecrated himself and his property to his God. The outcome of this act appears in his giving this property, not many years later, to the institution which he and others of like spirit were led to establish. The beginning which they made was small. Seven men met at his house in May, 1817, to consider the need of better education for the ministry, and on the 24th of September, in the same year, thirteen men came together and formed the Baptist Education Society of the State of New York. This society began with a capital of thirteen dollars and thirteen prayers, a dollar and a prayer from each man. The house still stands, just below Hamilton village, in which this significant transaction took place. The original idea was to combine literary with theological studies in a course of three years. The first students came in 1818. The formal opening was in May, 1820. The curriculum was from time to time extended, until in 1832 a course of eight years—two academic, four collegiate, and two theological—was developed. In 1839 the institution was opened to all students without reference to their purpose in study, and the next important step was the securing of a collegiate charter, in 1846. The work of this first quarter-century was of a high order. Several men of broad scholarship and signal ability were prominent in the earlier faculty. Barnas Sears, Thomas J. Conant, Asahel C. Kendrick, and John H. Raymond made their reputations as professors in what was then known as the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution, and not a few of the graduates of this period became prominent religious leaders, both in this country and in the work of foreign missions.

JAMES B. COLGATE.

The charter name was Madison University. This corporation took special charge of the preparatory and collegiate work. Theological instruction remained under the supervision of the Education Society. In 1875 the preparatory department, whose eourse of study had come to cover three years, received the name Colgate Academy. In the same year the curriculum of the theological seminary was extended to three years. Colgate Academy has an acknowledged rank among the foremost preparatory schools of the country. The backing which it has in the endowment of the university enables it to maintain high standards. As for the Hamilton Theological Seminary, there is no other perhaps which has so warm a place in the hearts of the Baptist denomination. The university, as distinguished from the preparatory school and the theological seminary, has gained during recent decades a recognized position among educators as a college of high grade. This reputation has been largely due to the long administration of the late President Dodge—a man of high character and scholarship, great breadth of view and liberality of spirit, and of remarkable intellectual force. He imparted to his colleagues and to the alumni those tastes, ideas, and tendencies which fitly result from an education truly liberal. A steady growth in the resources of the university during the last twenty-five years has brought healthful expansion in the various lines of scholarship, and has put the institution in a position to do its full share in the educational work of our generation. The alumni of the university, filling places of responsibility and honor in a wide variety of callings, cherish an abiding interest in their Alma Mater, and a large faith in its future development.

The general tone of the college has always been remarkably sound and healthful. The traditions of the place are in keeping with a moral and religious spirit, which is no less genuine in its essence even though it differs somewhat in its manifestations from that of the earliest period. The alumni have always been characterized by a strong local attachment. They have felt that it was a good atmosphere for their sons. The place is free from many temptations of the city, and the quiet of such a college town promotes that intellectual repose which President Dodge held was essential in the formative period of life to the acquisition of high culture. As a class, the students are manly, earnest fellows, who give themselves to hard study quite beyond the average standards of college life. It is not the fashion to neglect one's college work. At the same time, they share heartily in the athletic spirit which is now so marked a feature in American colleges, and their ability in this line was shown last season by their success in winning both the baseball and football pennants in the New York State leagues.

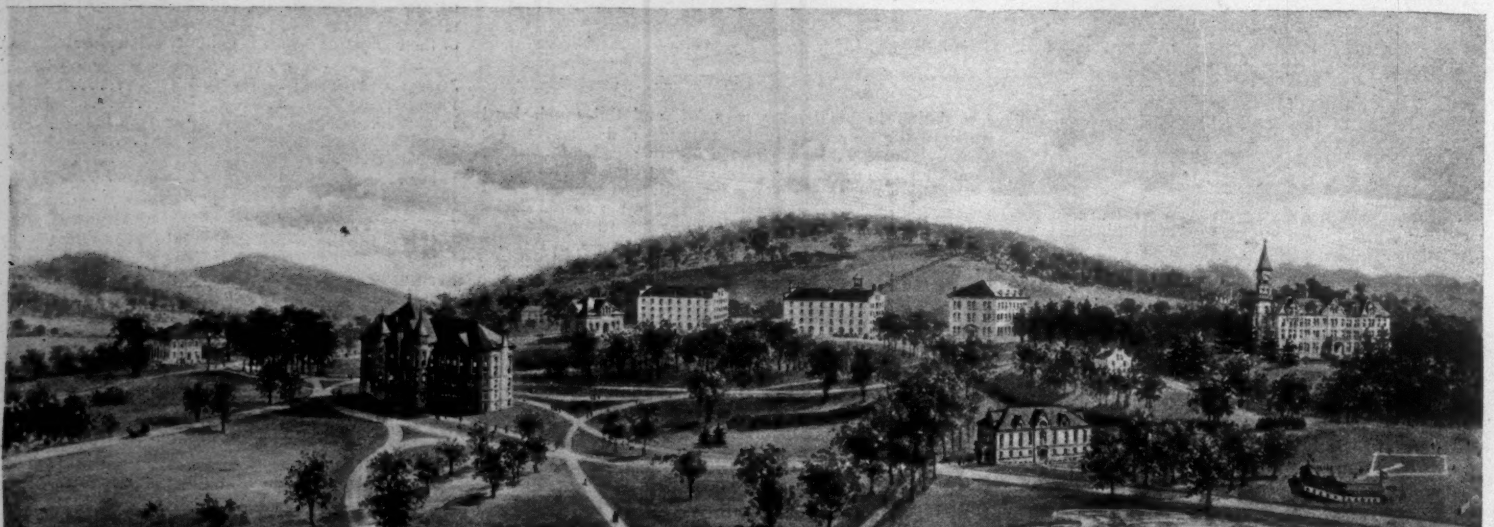
Among the prominent benefactors of the university have been Garret N. Bleecker, of New York; Colonel Morgan L. Smith, of Newark, New Jersey; John B. Trevor, of New York; and the Colgates. William Colgate was identified with the interests of the institution almost from its very beginning, and had a love for it which has been fully inherited by his descendants. The large benefactions of the family naturally suggested the propriety of giving their name to the university. The honor was not solicited, but, at the desire of the alumni, was consented to. Thus, in the spring of 1890, Madison became Colgate University. Up to June, 1891, the Colgates had given for endowment, buildings, and other purposes $605,000, of which $560,000 had been given by Mr. James B. Colgate. At the last Commencement he made the further gift of $1,000,000 in invested funds. The total productive securities of the university, irrespective of grounds, buildings, and appliances, now amount to about $1,700,000. Mr. Colgate designated his last great gift as the Dodge Memorial Fund, in honor of the late President. Mr. Colgate has been president of the Board of Trustees since 1861. In 1873 he gave a building for the academy, costing $60,000, and in 1890 he erected a fire-proof library building at a cost of $150,000. Mr. Samuel Colgate, also well known in New York business circles, has been a liberal friend of the university, particularly on the side of theological education. He is president of the Board of Trustees of the theological seminary. Mr. James C. Colgate, junior member of the firm of James B. Colgate & Co., is a trustee of the university, and being himself a graduate, has large interest in it, and is prominent in its affairs.

NEW YORK'S POLICE CHIEFTAINS.

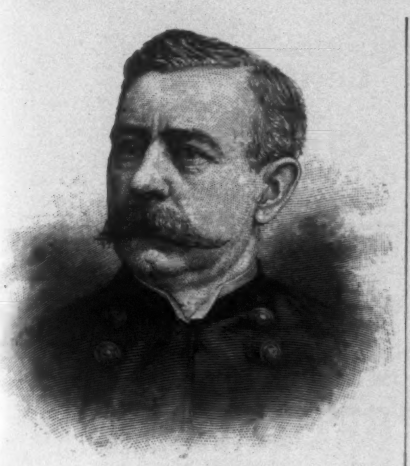
Within a few days the head of the working police force of New York city, Mr. William Murray, has retired on account of ill health, and been succeeded by Mr. Thomas Byrnes who for ten years past has been at the head of the Detective Bureau of the department, and in that capacity has earned the reputation of being one of the most skilful thief-catchers we have ever had in America.

It may be said that however much the administration of the laws may have suffered in the hands of the police in some regards, in those affecting the safety of life and property and the preservation of the public peace they have always been not only trustworthy, but extremely zealous. The Superintendent just retired, Mr. William Murray, was only forty-nine years old when he broke down in his health, and yet he had been a member of the police force for twenty-six years. Previous to that he had been in the army, which he entered at eighteen, as a member of the famous Ellsworth Fire Zouaves. At the first fight at Bull Run he was seriously injured, and for many months was confined in a hospital. Being dismissed the hospital, he was invalided, and in 1866 became a policeman. Four years later he became a roundsman. In a little over a year more he was promoted to be a sergeant, and in six years thereafter became a captain. He only served about eight months in this capacity, when he was made an Inspector of Police. For about eight years he served as Inspector, and then, in 1885, succeeded the late George W. Walling as Superintendent. He was a junior on each occasion that he was promoted, and each advancement came to him on account of his fitness to perform the higher duties. His record is an enviable one in many regards.

The new Superintendent will probably always be known as Inspector Byrnes, for in that capacity and with that title he has made a reputation for shrewdness and firmness and courage all over the world. He, like his predecessor, has risen through all the grades. He was born in Ireland in 1842, and became a policeman in 1863. He is therefore

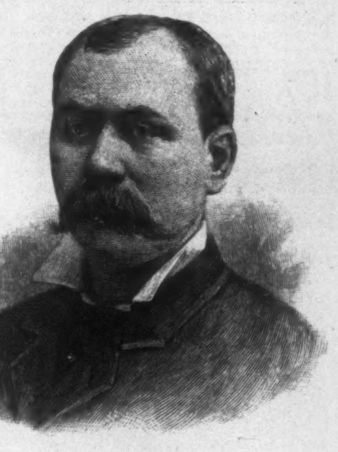


THE COLGATE UNIVERSITY, HAMILTON, NEW YORK.



WILLIAM MURRAY.

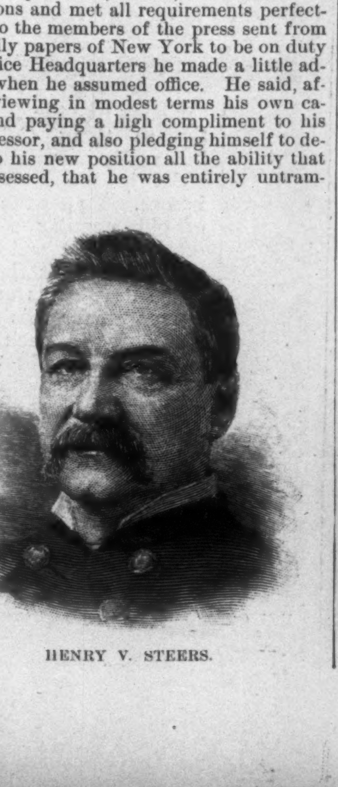
three years the senior of Mr. Murray in length of service. He did five years of patrol duty, was one year a roundsman, one year a sergeant, and then was made a captain. While serving as a captain he was put in charge of the detectives of the city, and very soon thereafter he showed his skill not only as a catcher of wily thieves, but as one who made it difficult for professional thieves to live in New York. When a professional thief was known to be in the city or neighborhood, Mr. Byrnes sent for him and invited him to a frank talk. He told the thief, or "crook," that he had no objection to his remaining in New York so long as he led a correct life, but notice was given in unmistakable terms that all professionals would be kept under constant surveillance, and that every time a crime was committed in the special line of any of these men, all of them would be arrested on suspicion. This line of policy made New York a very uncomfortable place for such malefactors, and when on roguery intent the majority of them kept clear of the metropolis. In 1880 the Detective Bureau was established, with



THOMAS BYRNES.

Captain Byrnes in charge. Two years later he was made Inspector, and retained in charge of this bureau. Here he has remained until his promotion just mentioned, and during this time he has earned the reputation among the thief-takers of the world of being one of the most expert men who ever acted in such a capacity.

Before Mr. Byrnes took the oath as Superintendent, and assumed the duties, he went before the Civil Service Board, as the law requires, and passed an examination of one hundred per cent., that is, he answered all questions and met all requirements perfectly. To the members of the press sent from the daily papers of New York to be on duty at Police Headquarters he made a little address when he assumed office. He said, after reviewing in modest terms his own career, and paying a high compliment to his predecessor, and also pledging himself to devote to his new position all the ability that he possessed, that he was entirely untrammelled by any party obligations, as he had never been a member of any political organization.



HENRY V. STEERS.

This little speech had the true ring, and the new Superintendent has the good wishes of all good citizens. Mr. Byrnes is something of a writer. Besides an account of his experience in catching thieves, and a description of the most notorious of those who have their pictures in what is known as the Rogues' Gallery at Police Headquarters, he has collaborated with Mr. Julian Hawthorne in the composition of numerous romances.

Mr. Byrnes is succeeded in the Detective Bureau by Inspector Henry V. Steers, who was born in 1832, and who has been on the police force for thirty-five years. He too has passed through all the grades—policeman, roundsman, captain, Inspector. In this last position he has served seven years. During his long career he has been without reproach. In his younger days he was a great athlete, and only a little while ago, when he was a captain, he distinguished himself by thrashing a very formidable "tough," who resisted arrest.

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Ever discovered is the mine of health that is found in a bottle of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Its "output" is unprecedented. Richly does it "pan out" in the paying ores of vitality and regularity of organic action. The debilitated should work this mine for "all it is worth." So also should the constipated, the bilious, the dyspeptic, rheumatic, and persons troubled with inactivity of the kidneys or bladder and la grippe.—[*Adv.*]

A DELIGHTFUL SPRING TOUR TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for May 5th, from New York and Philadelphia, a tour of exceptional attractiveness, designed to accommodate those who desire to make a somewhat prolonged stay in Washington, five and three-quarter days being allotted to the Capital. Tickets will be sold from New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Newark at $32.50 for adults and $29.00 for children between five and twelve years, from Trenton $32.00 for adults and $29.00 for children between five and twelve years, and from Philadelphia at a rate of $30.00 for adults and $27.75 for children between five and twelve years.

Tourists have the option of securing accommodations at either the Arlington or La Normandie, two of the best hotels in Washington, which cannot fail to please the most fastidious traveller. Special cars will be provided for the journey between New York or Philadelphia and Washington, and, in short, every care will be taken to insure a delightful time while under the charge of the personally conducted tourist system of the Pennsylvania Railroad. A carriage drive about Washington and a trip to Mt. Vernon are included in the rate, which covers every necessary expense for the entire time absent.

Applications for space and itinerary should be made to Tourist Agent Pennsylvania Railroad, 849 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; or 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,

"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.

Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the celebrated appetizer of exquisite flavor, is used all over the world.—[*Adv.*]

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25¢
FACTORY TROY, N.Y.

Beautiful Teeth, the Crown of Beauty!

When other charms have faded, a sound, white set of teeth redeems the countenance; but they should be brushed every day with **Sozodont**, in order to keep them white, or to render them so.

SOZODONT

is a composition of the choicest and purest ingredients for cleansing and preserving the teeth, hardening the gums, and imparting a **delicate, cool, aromatic fragrance** to the mouth. **Sozodont** has received the most flattering testimonials from many distinguished **Dentists, Physicians, Clergymen,** and others, who have carefully tested its merits, and from long and regular use are enabled to recommend it with confidence.

One Bottle of SOZODONT will last Six Months.

It is an exceedingly economical and inexpensive dentifrice. Purchasers are requested to note the size and fluid capacity of the bottle, and particularly to remember that, unlike *tooth powders* and *tooth pastes*, **there is no waste.**

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

AU BON MARCHÉ

PARIS. NOUVEAUTÉS PARIS.
MAISON ARISTIDE BOUCICAUT.

Magasins de Nouveautés offering in all its branches, the richest, the most complete, and the most elegant choice of all classes of goods.

The system of selling **everything at a small profit** *and of a* **thoroughly reliable quality,** *is* **strictly maintained** *at the* **BON MARCHÉ.**

The **BON MARCHÉ** sends **free,** on demand, *Patterns* of all materials, *Catalogues* and *Illustrated Albums* containing their most recent *models* and *créations*.

The **BON MARCHÉ** constantly hold in stock a most varied assortment of Silks, Plain and Fancy Dress Materials, Linens; Costumes, Mantles, Clothing, Hats, Boots and Shoes, for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children; Baby-Linen, Trousseaux, Furnishing, Carpets, Travelling Accessories, Articles de Paris, Gloves, Laces, etc.; it is universally acknowledged that they offer *the greatest possible inducements* by the **quality** and **sterling value** of all their goods.

The **BON MARCHÉ** *forward their goods to any part of the Globe and correspond in all languages.*

The **BON MARCHÉ (PARIS)** has no **Branch Business** or **Agent** for the sale of their goods, and beg to caution their Customers against all tradespeople making use of their name.

The **BON MARCHÉ, Novelty Warehouse** *is the largest, best organized, and best fitted up of its kind in the World.* It contains all that experience can suggest for Utility and Comfort, and is considered one of the **sights of Paris.**

Complexion Powder

Is a delicate and refined preparation that the most fastidious ladies do not hesitate to use.

It is fragrant and refreshing and is never unpleasantly noticeable. The test of time is perhaps most assuring, and **Pozzoni's Complexion Powder** has steadily gained in popularity for thirty years. Try it.

For Sale Everywhere.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

AGENTS WANTED—The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1664, Portland, Maine.

C/B
C/B à la Spirite
à la Spirite
AWARDED GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION 1889.
BEST FITTING ON EARTH. CORSET
MAYER, STROUSE & Co. MFRS. 412 B'WAY, N.Y.

"**BOKER'S BITTERS,**" THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

PLOWS' CANDY. Send $5.00 for a 5-lb. Box. Sent, prepaid, anywhere in U. S. Very handsome presents. **78 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.**

THE INK used on this paper is manufactured by FREDK. H. LEVEY & CO., 59 Beekman Street, N. Y.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

The most perfect toilet powder is

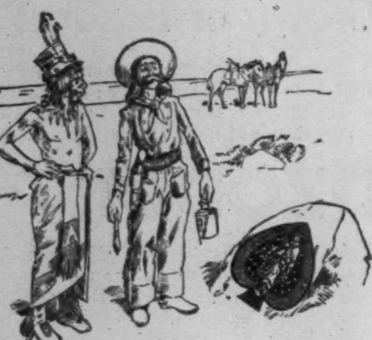
LA **VELOUTINE FAY**

Special Poudre de Riz

Prepared with bismuth by *CH. FAY*, *Perfumer*, 9, r. de la Paix, Paris

USE NONE OTHER

Caution. — None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature CH. FAY.

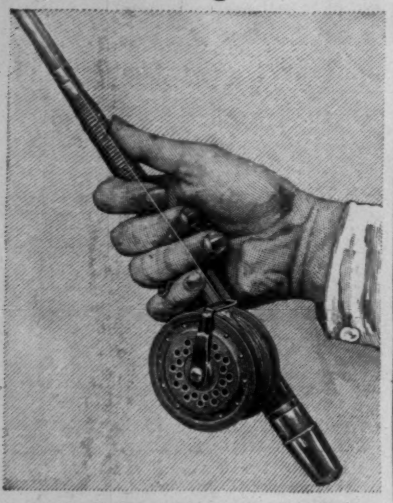


This ace painted on the rock is the trade-mark of the United States Printing Co., Cincinnati, O., and all "United States" Playing Cards have this trade-mark for the Ace of Spades card. It is printed on every card case. None are genuine without it.

Mention where you saw this advertisement, enclose a two-cent stamp for postage, and get in return "The Card-Players' Companion."

THE UNITED STATES PRINTING CO.,
RUSSELL & MORGAN FACTORIES, CINCINNATI, O.

"The Little Finger Does It."

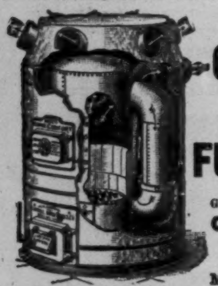


AUTOMATIC-REEL.

It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. Send for Catalogue

Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod

YAWMAN & ERBE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



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GUARANTEED FREE FROM GAS, SMOKE, OR DUST!

MADE ONLY BY

Wrought Iron Range Co.
PAID UP CAPITAL, $500,000.
Established 1864. ST. LOUIS, MO.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF
HOME COMFORT STEEL RANGES.
Write for Cook Book—Mailed FREE.

Summer Resorts.

LONG BRANCH.

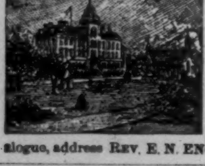
HOWLAND HOTEL.

SEASON WILL OPEN JUNE 25.

Rates $4 50 per day and upwards. Rooms may be engaged at the Real Estate office of DOBBINS & LOEB, 45 Broadway, and at the St. James Hotel, New York.

HUGH F. GRIFFIN, Proprietor.

Educational.



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LONDON,
Ontario, Canada.
For Young Ladies & Girls. Beautiful Home. Healthy Climate. Full Academic Course. Music, Art, Elocution, etc. Passenger Elevator. 150 Acres. Students from 25 Provinces and States. For illus. catalogue, address REV. E. N. ENGLISH, M. A., Principal.

TWO SCHOLARSHIPS FOR WOMEN.—THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS FOR WOMEN will be held in New York, June 28 and 30, and July 1 and 2, 1892. Two scholarships, one of $300 and one of $200, are offered in connection with these examinations. For information apply to the

SECRETARY, 32 East 33d St., New York City.

MUST HAVE Agents AT ONCE. Sample Sashlock (Pat. 1891) free by mail for 2c. stamp. Immense. Unrivalled. Only good one ever invented. Beats weights. Sales unparalleled. $12 a day. *Write quick.* Brohard & CO., Phila., Pa.

Film for KODAKS.

The completion of our new works at Rochester, N. Y., and Harrow, England, insures an abundant supply of transparent films for Kodaks, both in this country and Europe, from this time forward.

Important changes in the process of manufacture, instituted since January 1st, materially improve the quality and sensitiveness.

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The PREMIER CAMERA

The Best in the Market.

Simple of manipulation.
The shutter is always set.
Plates or films are used.
Covered with leather.

Size 4 x 5.
Price, $18.00.

Send for catalogue and copy of Modern Photography.

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We supply the
U. S. Army and Navy
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Band Instruments.
What is good enough
for Uncle Sam
should be good enough
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The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.,
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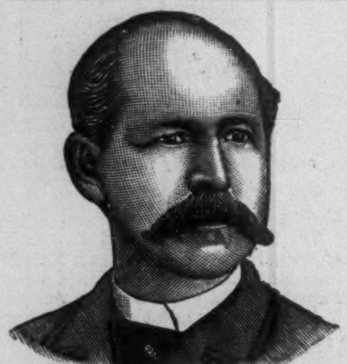
Illustrated Catalogue, one hundred pages, sent free to any address on receipt of six cents in stamps for postage.



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$3.00 SHOE THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD

For the money.

Seamless shoe, without tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of fine calf, stylish and easy. They equal hand-sewed costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for $5.00; equals imported shoes which cost from $8.00 to $12.00.

$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price, same grade as custom made shoes costing from $6.00 to $9.00.

$3.50 Police Shoe; Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them, fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy thick soles, extension edge.

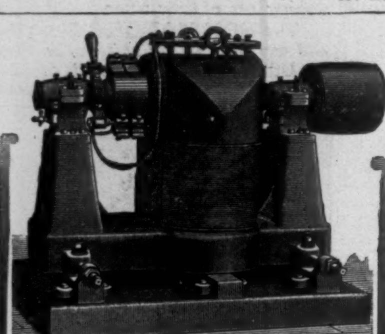
$2.50 fine calf, $2.25 and $2.00 Workingman's are very strong and durable.

Boys' $2.00 and $1.75 school shoes are worn by the boys everywhere, they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show.

Ladies' $3.00 Hand-sewed shoe, best Dongola, very stylish; equals French imported shoes costing from $4.00 to $6.00. **$2.50, $2.00 and $1.75** shoe for Misses are the best fine Dongola. Stylish and durable.

Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe. **TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.** Insist on local advertised dealers supplying you, and if they will not do so, send advertised price, stating kind desired and size and width usually worn. Shoes sent by mail to any part of the world, postage free.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.



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economically lights stores, hotels, factories and other plants where there is an excess of steam or water power available.

Write for illustrated catalogue.

The Card Electric Motor & Dynamo Co.
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Thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

LAWN TENNIS

Rules of the Game Free.
SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO CLUBS.
PECK & SNYDER, 126 Nassau Street, N. Y.

1892.

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1892.

For Over Thirty Years

we have always had very pleasant dealings together, the public and myself, and I again have the pleasure of presenting to them my Annual Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue. It contains the usual immense variety of seed, with such new kinds added as have proved to be real acquisitions. Raising many of these varieties myself, on my four seed farms, and testing others, I am able to warrant their freshness and purity, under such reasonable conditions as are contained in my Catalogue. Having been their original introducer, I am headquarters for choice Cory Corn, Miller Melon, Eclipse Beet, Hubbard Squash, Deep Head, All Seasons and Warren Cabbage, Etc., Etc. Catalogue **FREE** to all.

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ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
The Celebrated

CHOCOLAT MENIER

Annual Sales Exceed **33 MILLION Lbs.**
Write for Samples. Sent Free. Menier, Union Sq., N. Y.

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and City, County, and State Warrants of Washington State, its Counties and Cities, bearing

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Paying from 10 to 15% yearly dividends. Safe as Government Bonds. We invite correspondence. Very best references furnished. Address

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Present growth of **Portland** is ahead of any city in the United States in proportion to its size. Wholesale trade, 1891, $138,127,000; Banking Capital, $15,846,363.00, Buildings now under construction, $3,864,000.00. We have a plan for the employment of capital in best investments in Oregon, in large and small amounts, cash or monthly installments of $25 and upwards, **absolutely safe and remarkably profitable.** Send for full information and Bankers' references. Eugene D. White & Co., Portland, Or.

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FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS Bearing Liberal Interest

We guarantee both principal and interest. Loans made on productive real estate yearly increasing in value on a conservative basis, and only after personal examination by us. Interest payable in New York Exchange. We invite correspondence. Very highest references.

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TACOMA Realty. Choice investments made for non-residents; 25 to 100 per cent. can be realized within next year. Lots from $100 and acreage from $10 upwards. Improved property rented now for 10 per cent. besides the increase in city and country properties. Ranches, garden, fruit, hop, farm, iron and coal lands, mining properties. Write E. F. Russell & Co., Tacoma, Wash.

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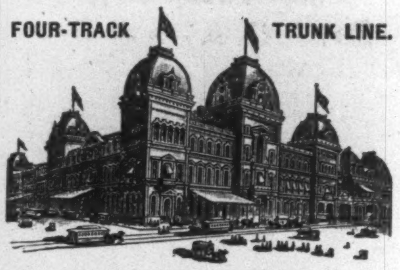
NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE.



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All trains arrive at and depart from GRAND CENTRAL STATION, 4th Ave. and 42d St., New York, centre of Hotel and Residence section.

ONLY RAILROAD STATION IN NEW YORK.

A book like the Franklin Square Song Collection has really been a long-felt want in many thousand homes. To get the music of old popular songs is often difficult and always expensive, but both of these drawbacks are here overcome, for this Collection has in each Number *200* of the best of the familiar tunes, both sacred and secular, at a price ridiculously low. For the mass of the people it is the most useful work that has ever been issued by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and that it will have a large sale is beyond a doubt.—*San Francisco Post.*

Full Contents of the Several Numbers, with Specimen Pages of favorite Songs, will be sent on application, by letter or postal card, to

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ONE ENJOYS both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects. Prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all, and have made it the most popular remedy known. Syrup of Figs is for sale in **50c.** and **$1** bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute. Manufactured only by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.,
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AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Keeps the scalp clean, cool, healthy.

The Best Dressing

Restores hair which has become thin, faded, or gray.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.
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Easily

Removed.

Grosvenor's famous BELL-CAP-SIC plaster relieves pain at once, subdues inflammations, prevents congestions of the lungs, *annihilates* rheumatism.

BELL-CAP-SIC.

Be sure to get a plaster with the picture of a bell on the back cloth. A druggist may try to sell you some cheap substitute. Take only the Bell-cap-sic. It is the standard.

All Druggists.

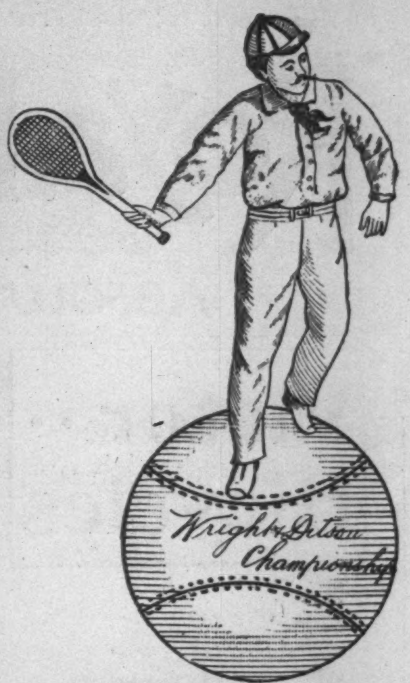
SIR HENRY THOMPSON, the most noted physician of England, says that more than half of all diseases come from errors in diet.

Send for Free Sample of Garfield Tea to 319 West 45th Street, New York City.

GARFIELD TEA Overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores the Complexion; cures Constipation.

Coats-of-Arms, Crests, emblazoned or engraved. Genealogical information given. H. Whittemore, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

BEATTY Pianos $175. Organs $48. Want Ag'ts. Cat. FREE. Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.



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MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE LAWN-TENNIS RACKETS.

Sears Special.
Country Club (new).
Pettitt and Longwood.

"CHAMPIONSHIP LAWN-TENNIS BALL,"

ADOPTED BY THE

U. S. National and Inter-Collegiate Lawn-Tennis Associations, 1892.

Wright & Ditson's Lawn-Tennis Guide.

Our Guide for the season will contain Changes in Rules, Articles on Tennis by the Leading Players, Photographs of both Lady and Gentlemen Champions, and other items of interest. Price, by mail, 15c. Will be out April 15th.

Wright & Ditson, Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for Lawn-Tennis Catalogue.

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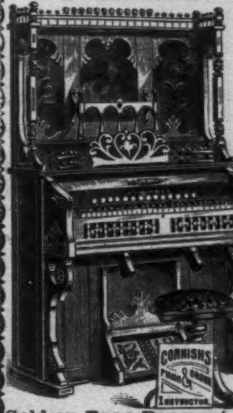

IN ORDER TO INTRODUCE our latest invented Parlor Organ into new localities, we have decided to offer the first 5,000 manufactured, for sale on the above terms. This is by far the best offer ever made by us or any other reputable firm of manufacturers in the world. No other firm in existence would take the enormous risk involved in selling five thousand costly organs on such terms. But after twenty-five years' experience, we know that we are solid with the people; and we make this wonderful offer knowing that we can sell every one of the first 5,000 COLUMBIANS almost as soon as this announcement is made public. Bear in mind that the above terms apply to the FIRST FIVE THOUSAND ONLY.

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FINEST CABINET PARLOR ORGAN MADE All latest patents and Improvements. Solid Walnut Case of unique design. The magnificent top is constructed and designed to represent one of the altar screens in the Lady Chapel at Genoa—the birthplace of Columbus. Mouse-proof Action. New Stop work. 5 Octaves, 14 Stops, 2 Octave Couplers, 2 Knee Swells, and 5 perfect sets of Orchestral Toned Reeds. Warranted for TEN YEARS. Handsome Stool and Instruction Book free. Organ sent on approval. Safe delivery absolutely guaranteed. Boxed and delivered free on board cars here. No risk to purchaser.

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Address the Manufacturers at once. Time is short. The rush is great.

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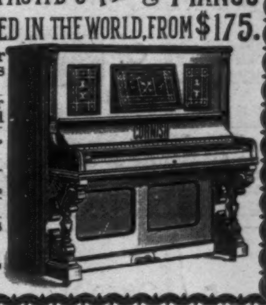

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THE GENUINE HENRY'S MAGNESIA.

The best of all. Popular in England for more than one hundred years past as an invaluable household medicine. Sour Stomach (particularly in infants), Flatulence, Constipation, Biliousness, and Heartburn relieved at once. Especially beneficial to the Gouty. Obtainable of Druggists. To avoid counterfeits, see that the label bears the name of W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & Co. as Wholesale Agents for the United States.

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Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
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Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

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Use in health **De Miel's Health Biscuit,** *advertised in "Harper's Magazine" for March.*

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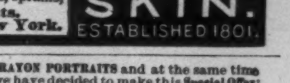
"An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c. **All Druggists or by Mail, 50 cts.**
BARCLAY & Co., 44 Stone St., New York.

FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN.
ESTABLISHED 1801.

FREE For 30 Days. Wishing to introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS and at the same time extend our business and make new customers, we have decided to make this Special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph, Tintype, Ambrotype or Daguerrotype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address all mail to **THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO.** Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to anyone sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

ESTERBROOK'S PENS 26 JOHN ST., N. Y.



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KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

An Ideal Complexion Soap.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers, or if unable to procure this **Wonderful Soap** send **25** cents in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

SPECIAL—Shandon Bells Waltz (the popular Society Waltz) sent **FREE** to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

Morning
Noon
Night

Good all the time. It removes the languor of morning, sustains the energies of noon, lulls the weariness of night.

Hires' Root Beer

delicious, sparkling, appetizing.

Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good"—'tis false. No imitation is as good as the genuine HIRES'.

VOSE & SONS PIANOS. ESTABLISHED IN 1851

CELEBRATED FOR THEIR

Pure Tone, Elegant Designs, Superior Workmanship, and Great Durability.

SOLD ON EASY TERMS.

Old instruments taken in exchange. Write for catalogue and full information.

170 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

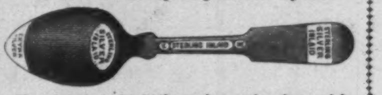
INSURED FOR A LIFETIME.

HOLMES & EDWARDS are making Spoons and Forks GUARANTEED TO WEAR 25 YEARS.

In Appearance, in Durability, the same as Solid Silver; in Cost, One-Half.

STERLING SILVER INLAID

in the back before plating as shown by cut.



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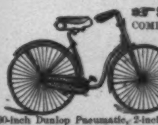

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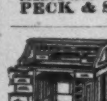

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